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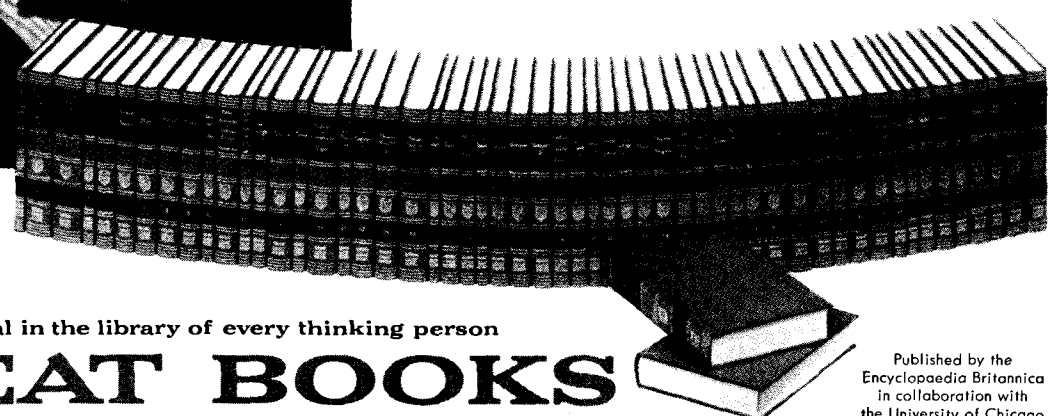

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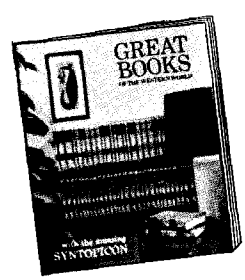

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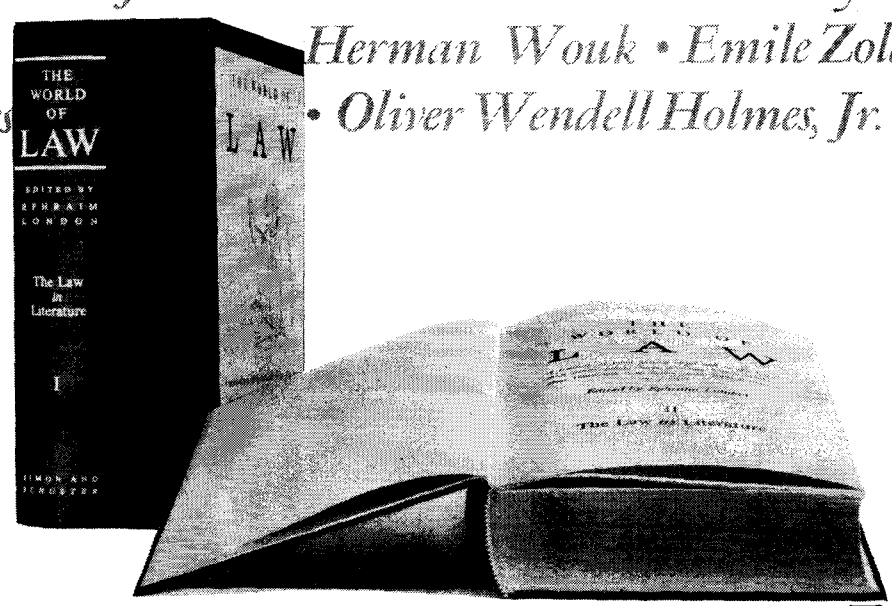

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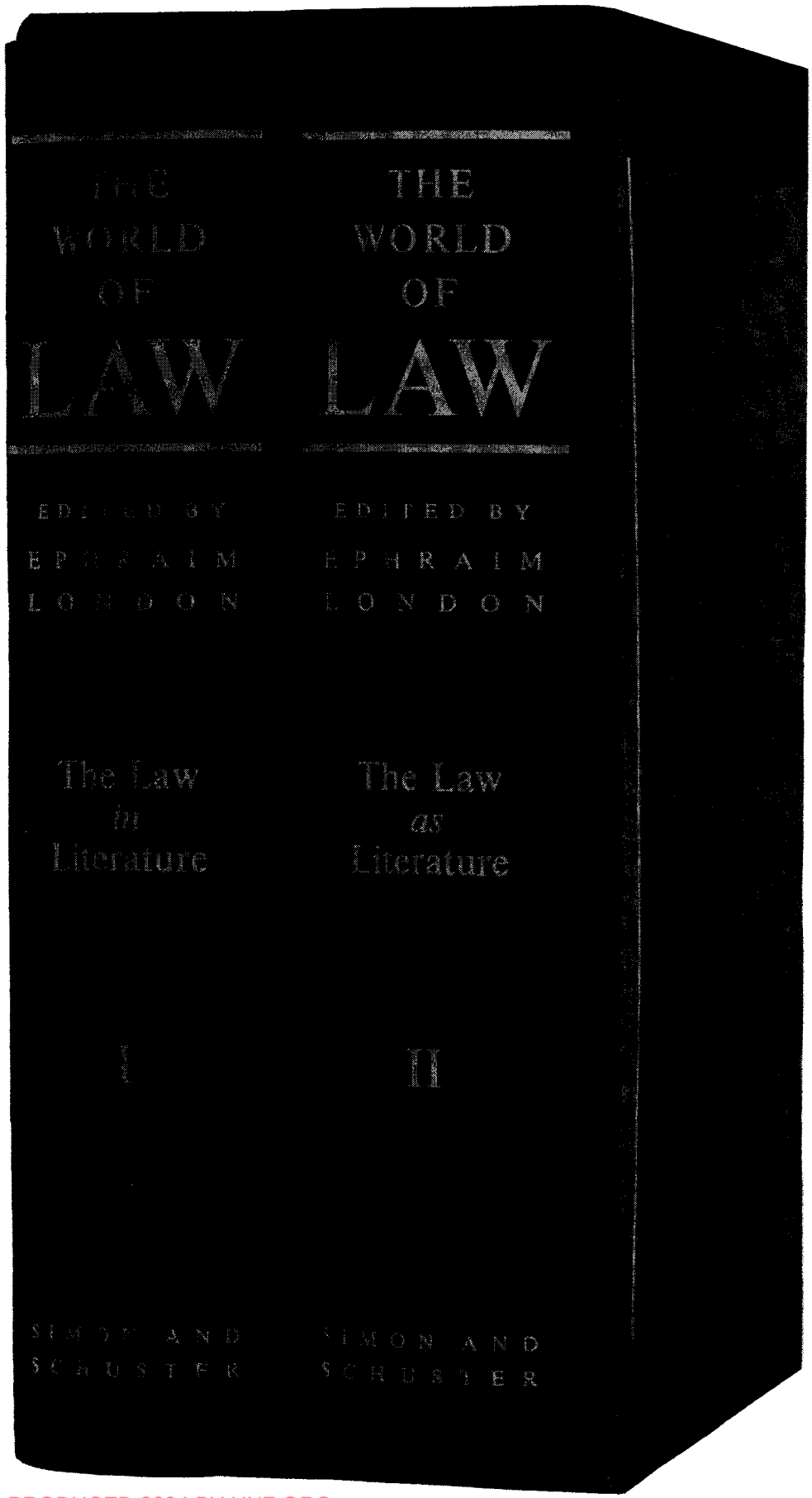

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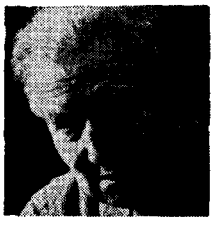

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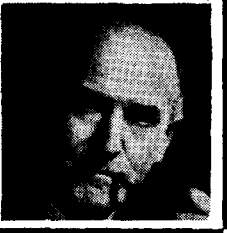

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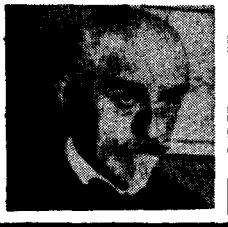

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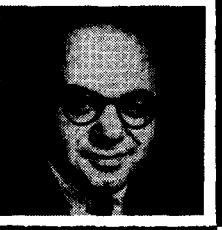

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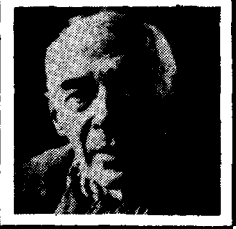

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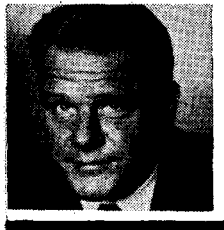

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WE SHALL HAVE plenty of occasion to write about the new administration when it has settled down to its tasks. In this our New Year issue, we take the opportunity to say something about ourselves. **Max Ascoli** feels that readers of *The Reporter*, as partners in our enterprise, should have a report on how the magazine is faring.

George Bailey, our Middle European correspondent, went to Bonn for a long conversation with the man who is Germany: Konrad Adenauer. The chancellor is much more than the ruler of his country; he is also its conscience. Although fully aware of the problem of German guilt in these postwar decades, he is above all determined to maintain the continuity of German history across the horror of the Nazi abyss. Herr Adenauer is not an economist, but he has a keen awareness of the limitations of Germany's present prosperity. In the presence of the German economic miracle, he remains perfectly aware that German wealth, now seemingly so astonishing, could quickly vanish. In talking with him, Mr. Bailey got the definite impression that, in Adenauer's mind at least, this wealth is in money only.

Professor C. Eric Lincoln, who teaches social philosophy at Clark College, one of what he calls "the six Negro colleges in Atlanta," describes the techniques and logistics of the sit-in campaign in that city. Professor Lincoln's *The Black Muslims in America* will be published by Beacon Press in the spring. . . . We are sometimes hypnotized by the growth of Communism abroad and regard its ravages as a new disease of the twentieth century. In the heart of Iowa, however, there is a society to which communism (with a lower-case "c") is old stuff. In fact, in the depths of the depression of the 1930's when many people throughout the world were being seduced by Marxism, the communists of Amana reorganized their lives according to capitalism. **Robert L. Schiffer** is a free-lance writer. . . . As we foresaw in a *Reporter's* "Note" in our last issue, there have been many expert interpretations of the latest Communist conclave in Moscow and of the coexistence that seems to have been achieved between Khrushchev and Mao. **Isaac Deutscher,** whose most recent book is *The Great Contest: Russia and the West* (Oxford), discusses the realities that lay behind the smiles and handshakes with which the meeting ended. What it all amounts to, as far as we can gather, is that Khrushchev has been given permission to grant us a new spell of peaceful coexistence —provided, of course, that the anachronism of our existence is not too prolonged. Certainly the Communist Parties of some not yet Communist-dominated nations have plunged with great zest into the task of increasing our troubles. . . . **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist who sends us frequent reports from the Far East, analyzes Communist China's attitudes toward the ideological debate in Moscow and provides us with some highly illuminating quotes from the Chinese press. . . . **Marvin L. Kalb,** CBS correspondent in Moscow, was close to the center of events. News breaks rather slowly in the Soviet Union, and as Mr. Kalb reports, the Russian people had to wait until the three-week conference was over until they were informed that it had taken place. But as soon as it became official that the world's Communist leaders had not all arrived in Moscow at the same time merely by a sort of Apalachin coincidence, Agitprop, the Soviet propaganda machine, was cranked up, put into gear, and roared off.

THE WRITING of **Italo Calvino,** well known in Italy, is available here in *Italian Fables* (Orion) and *Baron in the Trees* (Random House). His short story in this issue was translated for us by a young American, Richard Bimonte, who is a specialist in Italian drama. . . . **Elaine Kendall,** who describes the ups and downs consequent upon the new reducing formulas, is a free-lance writer, weight unknown. . . . America's Beatniks, having been misunderstood just about everywhere else, have at last been taken seriously —in Moscow. **Walter Z. Laqueur** is the author of *The Soviet Union and the Middle East* (Praeger). . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . **William Letwin** teaches in the School of Industrial Management at M.I.T. . . . **Jay Jacobs's** drawings and paintings are frequently seen in these pages. . . . **George Steiner** is, among other things, an inveterate moviegoer.

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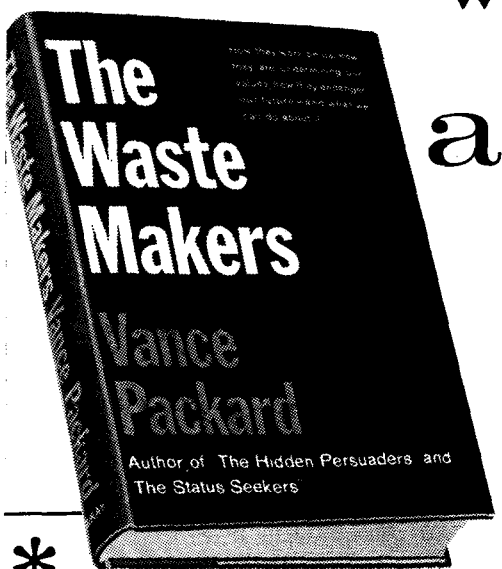

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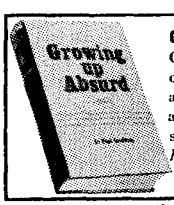

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE WHITE CROSS

To the Editor: Marya Mannes's articles on "The New York I Know," particularly the last one ("The White Cross," *The Reporter,* December 8), are wonderful—full of richness, warmth, and perception. I agree with her complaints about the sins committed in the name of progress. Thanks to her for thumbing her nose at those miles of glass windows containing neither privacy nor personality.

BARBARA M. ARNOLD
Poquoson, Virginia

To the Editor: Miss Mannes writes perceptively of the changing pattern in Manhattan. But I am disturbed to notice only a casual reference to the people being uprooted by the new look which is being given to the city. Miss Mannes talks of the projected malls and parks of the new Lincoln Center. The misery of the people who were forced to move and make way for Lincoln Center is yet to be told.

Charles Noyes, outgoing president of the New York State Real Estate Board, said in his farewell speech, "We are making over Manhattan for the better-class people." Miss Mannes says the new apartments are a gain primarily for the rich. I do not believe that Miss Mannes equates the "better-class people" with the rich as obviously as does Mr. Noyes. Yet Miss Mannes says "perhaps the change is just as well." But shouldn't she be concerned about the artists, the poets, and writers, with whom she must surely feel a greater rapport? Lincoln Square will house a handful of artists, but they will be the already established, because only they can afford Lincoln Square rentals.

Where is the struggling artist to live while he is waiting to be discovered? Or the young professional who has always looked to live in New York to become established? From where will come the greatness that makes New York, once we no longer have apartments to offer the people who are not "better-class" for landlords, yet may be the best class for the richness of society?

SYLVIA SLATIN
Membership Chairman
Neighbors Rally for Housing Action
New York City

To the Editor: It seems to me a terrible waste that Marya Mannes's fine feel for prose rhythms should be squandered on—what? A nostalgia for brownstones? Are the rows of brownstones any less standardized than the big new luxury apartments? Aren't all those delightful "surprises" in old brownstones *standard* for old brownstones? Does the fact that air conditioning requires closed windows transform new office buildings into hygienic "cages"? I wonder whether critics waxed sentimental a hundred years ago when those darling eighteenth-century buildings were sacrificed to those monotonous rows of Victorian brownstones. Perhaps it's simply that urban mood takes a long time to crystallize, and one feels melancholy at the symbols of its passing.

BENNETT M. BERGER
Department of Sociology
University of Illinois
Urbana

To the Editor: I am not defending Miss Mannes's romantic longing for the past. Rather, I wish to call attention to her sensitivity and humaneness of observation. Clinical fact, statistic, and accuracy prevail in surfeit, but our emotional response to her reminiscences is proof of Miss Mannes's power to stir in us a concern for seemingly lost and intangible values, an experience denied us in the normal diet of our lives. We have come to respect the concrete and fear the abstract.

Underlying her views about the old being supplanted by the new is an awareness of the intense if unapparent effect that the environment induces in the passerby, particularly in an urban environment of great complexity. It seems that in a land of robots we somehow begin to emulate them and assume their role, as well as suffering the loss of what they never had. We surround ourselves with efficiency at a sacrifice we have not yet begun to measure.

MARTIN ENGEL
Syracuse University

PERILS OF THE PRESS

To the Editor: Louis M. Lyons's "Chain-Store Journalism" (*The Reporter,* December 8) chews vigorously on a few ideas that many newspaper editors agree with. The formula of creating a newspaper by assembling the parts from various syndicates undoubtedly has passed the point of no return. I feel certain that the major newspapers of the future will concentrate more on individual excellence, particularly in the writing and the special investigation of economic and social trends.

I think Mr. Lyons overstates the perilous situation of the press. It is true that some of the larger metropolitan newspapers have not fared well lately, but this has been more than offset by the emergence of important new papers.

NICK B. WILLIAMS, Editor
Los Angeles *Times*

To the Editor: An exception to Louis M. Lyons's perceptive indictment of the U.S. press may well be the community newspapers throughout this country. Neighborhood newspapers such as Chicago's *Near North News* manage to be liberal, locally owned and edited, to give detailed attention to their own communities, and to indicate an awareness of the influence of world events on their own neighborhoods.

Naturally, there are many bad community and suburban papers, just as there are many bad dailies, but I think that by and large the more successful community weeklies do a good job. True, many fear their local advertisers' reaction to good reporting, but they are less worried about coverage of national affairs. True, many use handouts shamelessly, but others have their own staffs and are really the only force that gives a community its own identity.

In fact, I believe the community press is of such great value to this country and to the neighborhoods that make up the United States that I would not refuse to accept a grant from an appropriate foundation to help hire and train even more reporters.

ARNIE MATANKY
Editor and Publisher
Near North News
Chicago

IN PRAISE OF VANITY

To the Editor: After digesting, with some regurgitations, Elizabeth Hardwick's views on *Vanity Fair* ("All Is Vanity," *The Reporter,* December 8)—both the magazine and the new book of selections from it—I looked her up in the front of your magazine and learned that she is editing the letters of William James. You should have left her up at that altitude.

In the decade or more—1925 to 1936—I regularly read and sometimes subscribed to *Vanity Fair,* it never occurred to me that its editors were trying to be profound—only urbane, witty, entertaining, and now and then informative.

Probably Miss Hardwick is too young to know at first hand the period of *Vanity Fair's* heyday—the last era in which one could enjoy the inconsequential without self-consciousness. She also must be too young to have anything to be nostalgic about. But at least she can allow us old-timers our agreeable memories.

WILLIAM R. BREYER
Washington, D. C.

NOT ENOUGH BOSCH

To the Editor: While in Detroit for Thanksgiving I had the delightful pleasure of visiting the Flemish Art Exhibit at the Detroit Institute of Arts. The visit's satisfaction was compounded upon my return to New York City by a reading of Hilton Kramer's sensitive review ("Strangers in Flanders," *The Reporter,* December 8). He has ably captured the element of otherworldliness which makes the exhibit unique.

Unfortunately, what interested me most seems to have had no direct impact on Mr. Kramer. I refer to the Dali-like quality of Hieronymus Bosch's paintings. His "Judgment Day" alone would make a visit to the exhibit a choice tidbit. Its inclusion among so many other exquisite works results in a combined excellence difficult to rival.

DAVID KELLER
New York

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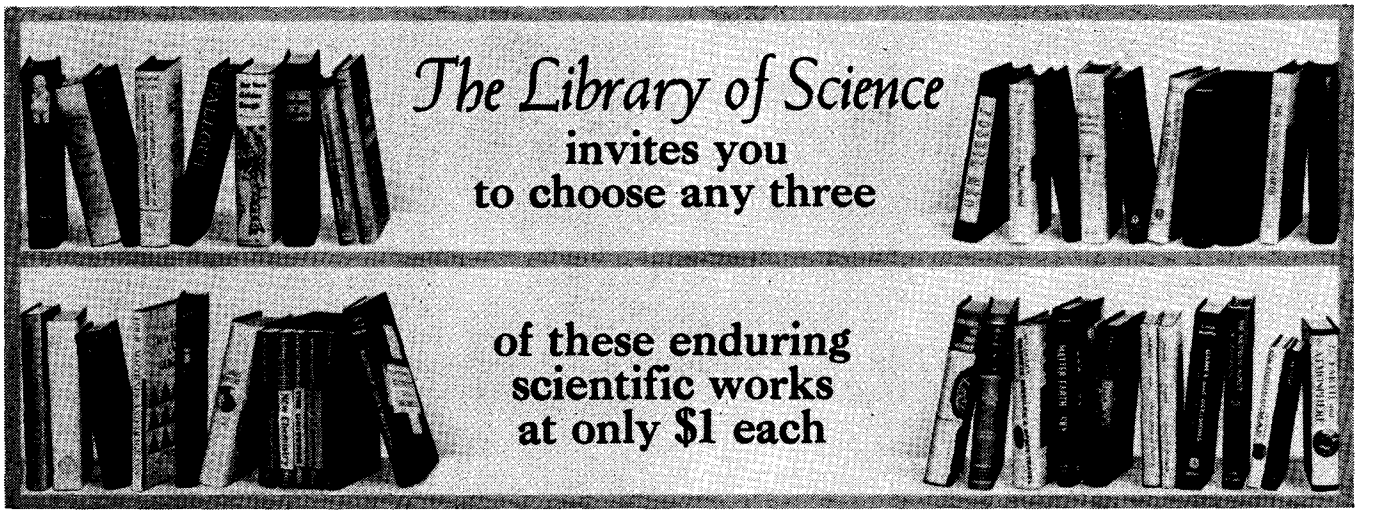

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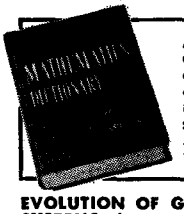

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Trial of France

Once more the hero has spoken. In our day, there is no surfeit of heroes, and if the word is used at all, it's mostly with an ironical twist. We hasten, therefore, to add that we are talking about Charles de Gaulle, the only statesman on the active list who in our opinion can truly be called a hero. He recently addressed the men and women of France in the first of three pre-referendum speeches on peace in Algeria. Of all the difficult goals he has assigned to himself, this one is the hardest: to stop the civil war in Algeria while preventing civil war in France.

Ever since it began, the war in Algeria has been a conflict among Algerians, divided by race and religion and political beliefs, while as usual most of the humble people, irrespective of race or religion, were not particularly bothered by political beliefs. The conflict has been largely fought by different factions and groups of interests in order to cow or persuade those large masses of the unconcerned—those who usually pay the price for all conflicts fought over them.

It has been a brutal war, and France came very close to losing its soul in it. Then the accidents of the war itself brought de Gaulle back to power. Now he is trying to bring peace—civil peace—both to Algeria and to his own country. He has been proceeding slowly but firmly, taking appalling personal risks. He is following a path all his own that makes even more difficult the attainment of his goal.

He wants the Algerian people to be consulted on the alternatives that are facing them: total independence from France or free association with France. He is willing—as he has been for quite some time and as he has restated most emphatically now—to negotiate with the leaders of the F.L.N. on how and when the Algerian people ought to be consulted. But he still insists that the F.L.N. is not the Algerian nation—at least not until it has received a definite mandate from the Algerian electorate in honest elections.

It is rather strange to hear this man whom those of little faith or little knowledge have called a fascist dictator insisting over and over again that the basic decisions affecting the people's lives must be made by the people themselves. This professional soldier believes that the last word belongs to the ballot. He happens to be at the same time a product of the French Revolution and a close student of the greatest revolution of our days: the revolution that is eliminating the use of force from the means that can bring about international changes. For the day is coming closer and closer when even a minor skirmish in a remote part of the world would lead to a total war.

Charles de Gaulle is now engaged in defining the conditions under which the Algerians must be consulted. He tells them the realities they must face. He is not giving in to the F.L.N. but wants to see the F.L.N. transformed from a military and terroristic into a political force.

Will he succeed? The Russians have started shipping weapons to the F.L.N. rebels. At the U.N. the Soviet delegation is the most passionate advocate of every nationalist movement—outside the Soviet orbit, of course. The head of the delegation, Ambassador Zorin, knows a great deal about national independence in other countries, for he was in charge of strangling Czechoslovakian democracy in 1948. On his side during the recent debates on the Congo and on decolonization "forthwith," there has invariably been that latter-day Mephistopheles, that little brother of the Communist earthquakes, Krishna Menon.

Charles de Gaulle has never been known as a devoted believer in the U.N. Yet if he succeeds, if an "Algérie Algérienne" comes into existence as a humane, really free nation —then Charles de Gaulle will have done more for the cause of peace and for the U.N. itself than any other man we can think of.

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Crustless for our youth,
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(*Continued on page 15*)

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We invite you to check your local television schedules for such programs as those listed here.

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In January

SOME PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Times indicated are Eastern Standard Time)

"Deseret"
World première of Leonard Kastle's opera—the story of Brigham Young.
Sunday, January 1 (3-5 PM)

"Music for a New Year's Night"
A musical revue to usher in 1961.
Sunday, January 1 (10:30-11 PM)

"Tournament of Roses Parade"
Annual spectacle of flower-made floats precedes the Rose Bowl Football Game from Pasadena, California.
Monday, January 2
(11:30 AM-1:45 PM)

"Ordeal of the Single Girl"
A study of the problems facing the unmarried woman in today's society.
Thursday, January 5 (4-5 PM)

"Overtures and Preludes"
Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic in the first of this season's concerts for young people.
Sunday, January 8 (4-5 PM)

"Tribute to a Patriot"
An examination of the life and career of President Dwight D. Eisenhower.
Tuesday, January 10 (10-11 PM)

"The Invincible Dude"
A dramatization of the crucial early years in the career of Theodore Roosevelt.
Friday, January 13 (9-10 PM)

"The Gershwin Years"
A chronicle of life in the '20s and '30s told against a background of George Gershwin's music.
Sunday, January 15 (8-9:30 PM)

"Prisoner of Zenda"
Christopher Plummer stars in this classic tale of adventure and intrigue.
Wednesday, January 18 (8:30-10 PM)

"Inaugural Day Highlights"
The Presidential Inauguration, the Inaugural Parade, and Inaugural Ball will be broadcast by all three networks.
Friday, January 20 (from 11 AM)

"Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic"
Sunday, January 22 (4-5:30 PM)

"The Red and the Black"
A study of the influence of communism on new countries of Africa.
Sunday, January 22 (9:30-10:30 PM)

"Meet the Professor"
Première of new series focusing on outstanding members of the teaching profession.
Sunday, January 29

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays:	Issues and Answers
	Meet the Press
	Roundup USA
	The Twentieth Century
	Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years
Mondays:	Face the Nation
Tuesdays:	Expedition!
Thursdays:	Person to Person
Fridays:	Eyewitness to History
Saturdays:	The Nation's Future
Mon-Fri:	Continental Classroom
	Road to Reality

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Consult local papers for times and programming details.*

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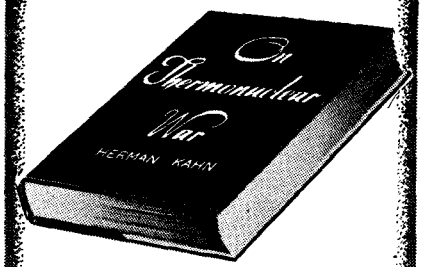

ON THERMONUCLEAR WAR

By Herman Kahn

"Most significant . . .[Kahn] is neither too frightened by the consequences, nor too insensitive to the destructive powers involved, to think rationally."—L. R. HAFSTAD, *formerly Executive Secretary of Research and Development Board, Defense Department; currently Vice President and Director of the research staff, General Motors Corporation.* $10.00

Princeton University Press
Princeton, New Jersey

WILSON:
The Struggle for Neutrality, 1914-1915

By Arthur S. Link

Critics have called the two previous volumes in this life of Woodrow Wilson "a model of political biography" (Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.), and "a capital piece of work, critical and judicious" (Henry Steele Commager). In this third volume, Mr. Link depicts the months of struggle in which Wilson, seen here in a more humanized light, labored patiently to avoid American entanglement in Europe's war. Illus. $10.00

Princeton University Press
Princeton, New Jersey

A REPORT TO OUR READERS

You must have noticed it: *The Reporter* has been doing well during 1960. The number of advertising pages we have carried has grown seventy-six per cent over last year.

Advertisers, as paying contributors to a publication, are attracted by audiences that are influential and growing. As to the influence of *The Reporter's* audience I can only guess, but as to its growth I can report that it stood at 128,000 in December, 1959, and with this issue we estimate it has risen to over 160,000.

How this growing audience is made up, again I can only guess, but I have the feeling that those who read *The Reporter* have an affinity with those who write for it: ruminating animals—people who are not satisfied with the news of the day as it is poured out by the means of communication, people who like to go over once more those events which may prove to be most significant.

But why should I try to define my readers while I am addressing them? Surely there must be some resemblance among them, some bond of congeniality. The fact that the audience is increasing must be as heartening to them as it is to me. I hasten to add that I do not assume for a moment that *The Reporter's* readership is of one mind. Indeed, I am greatly pleased whenever I hear that what I publish or write makes someone angry, but makes him think. I don't mind if people agree with me; but this kind of disagreement I cherish.

Perhaps *The Reporter's* readers would like to know about the geographical distribution of our circulation. It is thoroughly nation-wide, with a heavy concentration on the East and on the West Coasts. To me at least, it is still a puzzling affair. For instance, we are doing well in such metropolitan areas as San Francisco and Seattle, and not so well in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. We are doing well, as is natural, in regions where the local press is not particularly informative. But we are doing best of all in that city which is probably subjected to the largest concentration of information from all media and has the largest percentage of well-informed people and of purveyors of information: I mean, of course, Washington, D.C. There, in actual numbers, our circulation is higher than that of several of the old, well-established news or business or anthology magazines.

In December, 1951, two and a half years after starting publication, our circulation was around 21,000. Until this last year, it increased the most during the McCarthy era. I never stop pointing out this fact to people from other countries, and I am particularly proud of it, for I happen to be an American by choice and not by birth. At that time, we fought hard. It was not fashionable then to be a *Reporter* reader. Yet it was during those years that a growing number of Americans found in *The Reporter* their magazine.

At the end of 1960, everything is so different that I feel somewhat nostalgic. We now have an administration that will start working this month in Washington in which most of the men at the top are familiar with *The Reporter*. Some of them have written for us: first of all, President Kennedy, a man who likes reading and thinking. He may even find the time to look at what we write. It's all a big change. During the last eight years, in commenting and reporting on the Eisenhower administration, we have leaned over backward in the effort to be helpful whenever we had a chance. But we were given few chances.

Among the subscribers who have been, as far as we know, satisfied with our work are a number of members of the cabinet, like Robert S. McNamara, Dean Rusk, Stewart Udall. The danger that with so many friends and readers in high position we might get stuffy is, to say the least, remote. Our usefulness to the administration is in direct relation to our independence of it.

The Reporter will never have what is called a mass audience, for both its readers and its writers are men and women who feel responsible toward the masses, and therefore, when they have to, act according to their conscience. Yet there are many more such men and women than could ever be expected, and their number is growing.

—MAX ASCOLI

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patio in Palm Beach. But the compulsive needs of publicity must be met and the President-elect served the press its daily portion, prolonging the excitement by saving the biggest news for the last. Several things became quite clear as Mr. Kennedy went through the process of picking his—pardon the expression—"team." Far from being overly burdened with campaign commitments, he seems to have faced the task free of obligations and even of very much premeditation.

It has been a solitary process. During this selection period Kennedy reportedly spent long hours, unattended except by two secretaries, interviewing the succession of callers and conducting telephone conversations throughout the country. As the misleading speculation by the reporters covering him indicated, not even brother Bobby was entirely privy to what was going on in Brother Jack's mind. In retrospect, it is remarkable how the President-elect managed to by-pass certain "obvious" choices and to settle on others who were less well known even to him. At least three of his future closest associates—Budget Director David Bell and Secretaries-designate Dean Rusk and Robert S. McNamara—Mr. Kennedy had never even met before.

We note this fact favorably, for it indicates an important virtue in a President. He must be able to move beyond the immediate coterie that crowds around him and seek talent and advice wherever these essential qualities are to be found.

All things considered, it is a first-rate starting cabinet, particularly in its principal members—Rusk, McNamara, and Dillon. Arthur Goldberg as Secretary of Labor and Stewart Udall as Secretary of the Interior were brilliant choices. Our chief qualms arise over the new Attorney General, Robert F. Kennedy—and not because he is the President's brother. To mention only one reason, the job of conducting a mopping-up action in the civil-rights field during these coming years might have been better entrusted to a more mature and proven statesman at the head of the Justice Department.

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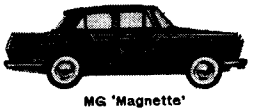
BIGGER  CHOICE OF FUN

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A Talk with 'der Alte'

GEORGE BAILEY

BONN

"I LIKE, at times, to hear the Ancient's word," quipped the secretary as we entered Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's study. It was a quote from *Faust*, so obviously appropriate that I wondered how often the secretary had used it. Inside the study I noticed three pictures on a tall, narrow buffet: on the right a signed photograph of Pope John XXIII; on the left a signed photograph of the same size of Dwight D. Eisenhower; in the middle—half again as large—a signed photograph of John Foster Dulles.

Der Alte stepped out from behind his desk at the far end of the room, took a few steps forward, stopped and smiled appraisingly. Legs apart and arms folded, he seemed to be balancing on the balls of his feet. There was vigor and a certain jauntiness in his stance. "One meter ninety, one meter ninety-one," he intoned, "perhaps ninety two."

"One ninety-one, sir," I answered.

"I have a son," said the chancellor, "who is one meter ninety-six centimeters tall."

"That," I answered, "is too tall."

"Quite right," he laughed, and waved me to a chair.

A few months before, Konrad Adenauer had publicly decried the lack of national feeling among Germans. I had chosen this statement as the theme for my interview. I asked what sort of national feeling the chancellor had found lacking—for the Federal Republic as such or for Germany as it existed in 1937, or what?

He answered by expounding the chronicle of German catastrophe. The trouble began, he said, with Bismarck, whose fault it was that there had been no healthy inner political development in Germany. Bismarck had cruelly persecuted the Socialists and the Catholics and had kept both from entering the government. Had he not done so there would have been a great Liberal Party in the west and a great Conservative Party in the east. And the Social Democratic Party would never have become what it was today. "Every state," the chancellor summed up, "gets the Socialist Party it deserves."

Guilt and *Geld*

He then cited the first German inflation after 1918. It had all but destroyed the middle class, which was the main pillar of the state. He went on to emphasize the ravages of the inflation. This was followed by National Socialism, which had caused the greatest confusion politically and in the very thought processes of the people—not only among ardent Nazis, the chancellor emphasized, but also among fellow travelers and those who passively tolerated the system. Then came war, the collapse of the Third Reich, and occupation. Many of the nation's teachers had been compromised during the Nazi period and preferred to keep silent. Likewise a great many parents were unwilling to speak of the period, so that the new generation—those from twenty to thirty-five or forty—did not stand on solid national-historical ground. The chancellor made it clear that for him national feeling was love for one's people, not allegiance to some ruling house or set of national boundaries.

I mentioned the statement by former Federal President Theodor Heuss to the effect that while the theory of collective guilt was not applicable to the German people as a whole, there was indeed something like "collective shame" that had arisen out of the Nazi period and still remained.

The chancellor was unwilling to go that far. "Collective shame," he said, was true and not true. Of course, one was ashamed of the period and ashamed that such a thing had happened in Germany. But he added that Germany was not the only country with a shameful past. And there were a great many things in Germany's past that one could be proud of. There were, for that matter, people who had been in the Nazi Party and had remained decent and harmless throughout but who were deeply ashamed after it was all over. Such people, too, were loath to speak to their children about Germany history. And yet it was necessary to inform the youth of the country about the period—fully and openly.

On the subject of "collective shame," the chancellor pointed out that there was one thing the Germans had to realize clearly. This was that they were not liked abroad. He made it clear that he himself had no cause whatever for complaint in this regard, but that Germans were disliked abroad was a fact and one that he had no difficulty in understanding in view of what had happened.

But why, I asked, was it necessary to single out German youth for instruction on Nazism? Those now in school and in universities were either unborn or mere children when the Third Reich was crushed.

"German youth," he replied, "must learn German history in continuity."

He rejected out of hand the suggestion that young Germans should

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be forced to acquaint themselves with the Nazi catalogue of horrors merely because they were German and in order to prevent a sort of atvistic relapse. But he said that because the Germans were somewhat unstable as a result of the last sixty years of their history—the empire, the Weimar Republic, National Socialism, occupation and all its accompanying turmoil—because they were afflicted to a certain extent and rendered rather susceptible by developments extending over decades, it was essential to enlighten German youth on the full significance and value of freedom.

THE ONLY THING that is old about *der Alte* is his eyes. They are bright and even twinkling—but tiny. It is probably the smallness of his eyes that make them seem so distant. Perhaps I was influenced by the subject of the interview, but I got the impression that the chancellor was looking at me, with a slight wry smile, across the span of time he was discussing—sixty years.

I told him it seemed to me that an epoch was drawing to a close in the Federal Republic. I wondered if he agreed with me. "Do you think," I asked, "that the Germans have finally surmounted the shock of the Second World War and the moral and psychological effects of the whole period?

His answer was no and again no—not yet. It was also, he added gratuitously, a mistake to regard the Germans as a wealthy nation. It was simply not true. In this regard Germans overestimated themselves and were overestimated by others. They were in fact, he said, on a thin economic foundation. It was only that the difference between now and ten years ago was so great that it tended to dazzle. But just let an economic reverse come along, he warned.

I had not mentioned the then forthcoming Anderson-Dillon visit, but of course it was in the air. I ventured to put a question on the visit and prospects for greater German participation in aid for underdeveloped countries and also—but here the chancellor interrupted me.

"Not American troop-maintenance costs," he said firmly. I changed ground. An American business magazine had reported not long ago, I said, that West Germany was the second greatest economic power in the free world.

That, said, the chancellor, was arrant nonsense. What had happened in the last ten years was indeed miraculous but only in contrast with the absolute misery that had existed then. The balance-of-payments surplus was also largely a myth. In 1959 the Germans had a trade surplus of four billion marks, he said, but half that sum was made up of payments

received from the Americans for upkeep of troops in Germany. If the Germans were to pay U.S. Army expenses in Germany, they would have little if anything left.

I later discovered that West Germany had had a trade deficit vis-à-vis the United States in 1959 of 1.9 billion marks. It would have been considerably greater without the injection of $600 million into the German economy by the U.S. Army. It was clear that Adenauer had already been apprised that a fairly severe cutback in American military expenses abroad was in the offing. But what bothered him most was the prospect of cleanly reversing the process of payment.

Prosperity *über Alles*

A key to his agitation on this point is a statement in Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard's economic bible, *Prosperity for All:* "With general increase of prosperity," writes Erhard, "economic policy most certainly makes a valuable contribution to the democratization of West Germany." This is a masterpiece of understatement. Prosperity is the panacea for German spiritual ills, the cornerstone of German political structure. The only real guarantee of continued German political health is continuing prosperity. The political stability of the Germans is highly conditioned and encumbered by inhibitions that have become traditional. There is, for example, the national trauma of inflation. Like Adenauer, the Germans have never forgotten that it was the violent inflation of the first postwar period that destroyed the middle class and paved the way for political chaos. The German fear of unemployment is almost equally obsessive, although there are now more jobs open than there are men to fill them. It was this state of mind and spirit that precipitated the postwar reconstruction drive and determined the very nature of the Federal Republic, which has been called an "economic society," while the West German parliament is frequently referred to by Germans as the "Federal Economic Council."

In fact, the Federal Republic has achieved a remarkable fusion of political and economic interests. Adenauer himself as a private person founded a limited-liability company to produce West Germany's second (commercial) television program. Similarly, the postwar reconstruction period, which, as Adenauer pointed out, is still not closed, is regarded by West German leaders as something very like a nation-wide state subsidized program of occupational therapy. The profits of the program have been plowed back in for maintenance and expansion: directly in the form of government subsidies or tax write-offs for investment in German industry, and indirectly by steadily increasing wages to enhance the buying power of the worker. The result is the highest standard of living in German history and a mass consumer society based on the American model. But the goals of the program, both intermediate and ultimate, are always specifically political. For Adenauer and his team, the most important internal political aspect of prosperity is that it has brought

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about not only the creation of a majority middle class but also, in effect, the bourgeoisization of the proletariat and hence destruction of the economic tenets of socialism.

During our talk, the chancellor mentioned that a recent poll conducted by the Allenbach Institute of Demoscopy had ascertained that exactly half the members of the Social Democratic Party interviewed were still against any form of West German Army. The largest single item, 26.7 per cent of the national budget, is allocated for defense. In the event of an economic recession, the first target of the Social Democratic Party would almost certainly be the defense budget. Adenauer's insistence on the necessity for providing the West German Army with tactical atomic weapons, a measure the Social Democrats bitterly oppose, would, if realized, increase the defense budget enormously and render it still more susceptible to attack.

THE FRONTAL ASSAULT led by Adenauer on Germany's multitude of political and psychological problems, the insistence on due process of law, and the refusal to engage in a blanket persecution of ex-Nazis in order not to split the nation by creating a mass of second-class citizens—all this has been costly and laborious. It has meant dealing singly with dinosaurs as they emerge or are dug up out of the mud of the Nazi past. The Adenauer administration chose the hard way to rehabilitation for the purpose of reinforcing the Federal Republic's claims as the legitimate successor of the German state. Perhaps even more important was the consideration that only by facing up to the past, by accepting the onerous inheritance of the Third Reich, could the historical continuity of the Germans as a nation be preserved. This attempt, with all its agonies—there are government leaders in Bonn, some of them members of the wartime German resistance, who lie awake nights in restless apprehension of the effects the forthcoming Eichmann trial will have on world public opinion—has been made possible by the steadily flourishing West German economy.

West German prosperity has also provided the best means of approach to solving the problem of Germany's international relations. The unhostile attitude of the world toward German products has been triumphantly attested by the success of the German export drive. The process of economic production gives play to generally admired traits of German national character such as thoroughness and punctuality. The fact that many foreigners do not like Germans

but do like dealing with Germans dovetails neatly into the German concept that "good trade relations make good neighbors." There is no doubt that the success of former Foreign Minister Walter Hallstein's doctrine in preventing diplomatic recognition of East Germany outside the Communist bloc rests largely on West Germany's economic prowess and commercial correctness. The same considerations hold true for Germany's role in West European integration. The chancellor told me that when Robert Schuman first proposed the Franco-German Coal and Steel Community he clearly did so on the theory that joint control of German coal and steel production would rule out the possibility of future wars between the two nations. But the union proved to be an economic success, as has the European Economic Community as a whole. Adenauer regards the progress of the community as the best guarantee that Western Europe will one day be unified. Finally, the Germans' penchant for seeking health, wealth, and prosperity through work is reinforced by the growing realization that the continuing division of Germany is ultimately attributable to Germany's international disrepute.

The Seamy Side

But the cure has cost the Germans more than money. In the headlong drive for increased industrial capacity and production, West Germans have been forced to resort to irregular practices. Most common of these is the investing of money from short-term loans on a long-term basis. At the expiration of the term, say three months, renewal is requested and continues to be requested at each expiration until the creditor's patience is exhausted. The long-standing short-term loan is finally paid with money from a second short-term loan, and so on.

Another practice is pledging the same security for various loans concurrently. The most serious and widespread of all is the bribing of local and federal government officials, usually by contractors. Fusion of government and private interests in economic fields often makes it difficult if not impossible to discern infringements of legality. This has resulted in a series of corruption scandals, the latest of which is West Berlin's so-called courts-of-justice crisis. Here the district attorney and other high officials of city and state are accused of systematically quashing bribery charges. In West Berlin alone as of November there were 767 charges of bribery being prepared by the public prosecutor and pending.

This is the seamy side of West Germany's economic miracle. The excuse for such widespread malpractice offered by businessmen as well as many officials is that reconstruction is the first priority in the national emergency and that there simply isn't time to observe all legal niceties. Anyway, the Germans are far from rich. In terms of annual per capita income for 1959 they ranked behind the British, Swiss, Belgians, and French. German per capita savings are similarly small.

There is likewise a chronic shortage of liquid assets in West Germany because the Germans are constantly investing their own and foreign capital in expanded and modernized plant. The Germans are the most heavily taxed people in Europe. Twenty-four per cent of the per capita annual income is siphoned off into federal and state treasuries. The abnormality of the West German political situation is reflected in the federal budget. The largest block of expenditures, 37.8 per cent, comes under the general heading of social

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security and includes care and maintenance for war victims, returnees, and the never-ending stream of refugees from East Germany (an annual average of 230,000 over the last ten years).

Another standard budgetary item is reparations to victims of Nazism, which amounted to 4.6 per cent this year. The largest single item in this segment is reparations to Israel at more than 400 million marks per annum for an ultimate total of 3.45 billion marks. This will be paid off within the next three years. More than a billion marks per annum, 2.8 per cent of the budget, regularly goes to finance the economy of West Berlin. Housing construction still amounts to four per cent of the budget; more than forty per cent of all German housing was totally destroyed during the war, and there are still plenty of scars visible.

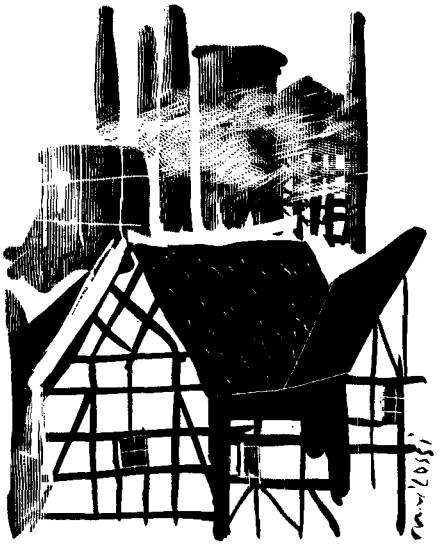
The Dollar Gaffe

The demand of the Anderson-Dillon mission that $600-million annual maintenance costs for the U.S. Army in Germany be paid by a fixed allocation from the German federal budget was ill conceived, ill advised, ill timed, and ill starred.

It was ill conceived because any knowledge of the German economy and its brink-of-deficit fiscal policy should have forewarned that the money simply was not there to be had.

It was ill advised because the hag-ridden psychology of the German *nouveau demi-riche* could not have adjusted to the demand even if material means were available to meet it. Erhard's counterproposal of $1.2 billion, including repayment of national debts, aid to underdeveloped countries, prepayment of arms purchase, and a five per cent increase in the contribution to NATO, was neatly cut to the new German cloth: It involved the transfer of credits from foreign-exchange surplus and payment from funds that were already allocated for the same general purpose.

The Anderson-Dillon demand was ill timed for many reasons: notably because it came when Adenauer was just beginning to gird for next year's national election and his acquiescence would have played directly into the hands of still nationalist-minded Social Democrats, and because it was bound to provoke a counterdemand for compensation on German property in the United States confiscated by the U.S. government during the war. The reason for German insistence on indemnity, Erhard told me, was purely psychological. While the federal government tries to persuade its citizens to invest in underdeveloped countries, the cautious Teuton asks: "What guarantee is there for German money invested in, say, India if even the United States refuses to protect our investments?" American reluctance to make compensation in an amount acceptable to the Germans is likewise psychological. Congress would have to appropriate money from public funds, a move that American public opinion would hardly accept. Erhard has thus suggested withholding $200 million from repayment of the $800-million German debt to the United States to compensate prewar German investors at almost two-thirds the value of their lost holdings. This



would keep the issue out of Congress and unexposed to the American public.

Finally, the Anderson-Dillon mission was ill starred because the quack of the American lame duck is heard more loudly in West Germany than anywhere else. Erhard, whom I saw after the Anderson-Dillon visit, emphasized German determination to help save the dollar. "The American dollar," he said, "is the sun around which all currencies of the world orbit. If that sun were ever to slip from its fixed position, there would result a most incredible mess." There was no question whatever, according to Erhard, that West Germany would do its part and more to shore up the dollar. It was merely a question of method, and a mode of contribution could certainly be worked out to mutual satisfaction. Specifically, however, Erhard was more interested in the identity of the new Secretary of the Treasury and his fiscal policy than in anything else. The only danger he could see, he said, was the possibility that the United States might revert to protectionism in its trade relations.

SIMILARLY, at the time of our talk, Adenauer was mainly interested in John F. Kennedy's choice for Secretary of State and in the new American foreign policy in Europe. In his opinion, the chancellor said, the great prerequisite for dealing with the Russians was western unity. "And where," he asked impassionedly, "is western unity now? Where is it?" Quite apart from de Gaulle's intransigent go-it-alone-in-grandeur policy in NATO and European integration, France was in the agony of Algeria, the outcome of which no one could foresee. As for the summit, Adenauer hoped that it would be well prepared, not only among the western allies but also with the Russians. Careful, thoroughgoing preparation for the summit had always been the guiding idea of John Foster Dulles. But the attempted Paris summit meeting had not even been prepared among the western allies—it had been lamentable.

I asked the chancellor for his impressions of Kennedy.

"Kennedy sent me a telegram," he answered, "and I was delighted with it." (The contents of Kennedy's telegram to Adenauer, which came in answer to the chancellor's congratulations on the election, have never been released to the public.)

"And Kennedy's language in his Berlin statement?" I ventured. "It is very determined," answered the chancellor. "It is more determined," I said, "than anything I have heard." "Yes," said the chancellor, looking for a long moment out the window, "it is rather reminiscent of the language of Dulles."

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The Strategy of a Sit-In

C. ERIC LINCOLN

ATLANTA

If no wool-hat politicians from the rural counties are loitering about with their ears cocked for subversive conversation, both Negro and white natives are apt to boast that Atlanta is "the New York of the South."

One morning last March, sophisticated Atlanta was rudely jarred by the realization that it was like New York in ways it had never particularly noticed before: its Negro minority was not at all timid about expressing its dissatisfaction and demanding action in no uncertain terms. In fact, there in the morning Atlanta *Constitution* was a full-page advertisement entitled "An Appeal for Human Rights," and the list of rights the Negroes said they wanted ranged all the way from the right of attending the public schools of Georgia on a nonsegregated basis to being admitted to hospitals, concerts, and restaurants on the same basis as anybody else. The home-bound commuters got the same message in a full-page advertisement in the evening *Journal,* which, according to its masthead, "Covers Dixie Like the Dew."

The advertisement, signed by six Negro students representing the six Negro colleges in Atlanta, said in part:

"We, the students of the six affiliated institutions forming the Atlanta University Center—Clark, Morehouse, Morris Brown and Spelman colleges, Atlanta University and the Interdenominational Theological Center—have joined our hearts, minds and bodies in the cause of gaining those rights which are inherently ours as members of the human race and as citizens of the United States . . .

"We do not intend to wait placidly for those rights which are already legally and morally ours. . . . Today's youth will not sit by submissively, while being denied all rights, privileges, and joys of life. . . .

"We must say in all candor that we plan to use every legal and nonviolent means at our disposal to secure full citizenship rights as members of this great Democracy. . . ."

The reaction in Atlanta, a city known for its more or less amicable race relations, was swift and vigorous. In the white community there was genuine amazement over the dissatisfaction of the Negro students. After all, in Atlanta many Negroes own expensive homes, run substantial businesses, and practice the professions with a high degree of respect in the community at large.

Predictably, white reaction polarized along urban-rural political lines. Mayor William B. Hartsfield, whose qualifications as a hardheaded Southern liberal are rated high by many of the most militant advocates of Negro rights, praised the statement and said that it "performs the constructive service of letting the white community know what others are thinking."

But a few blocks away in the state capitol, Governor Ernest Vandiver denounced the student appeal as a "left-wing statement . . . calculated to breed dissatisfaction, discontent, discord and evil." The Georgia governor had been elected on a platform of total segregation by a predominantly rural electorate voting under Georgia's so-called county-unit system. Under the county-unit rules, a vote cast by a semi-literate sharecropper in rural Echols County (with a population of 2,494) has ninety-odd times the value of a vote cast by an Emory University professor voting in Atlanta, which has a metropolitan population of more than one million. The governor did go so far as to admit that the appeal for human rights was "skillfully prepared"—so well prepared in fact, that "Obviously, it was not written by students." According to Governor Vandiver, "It did not sound like it was prepared in *any* Georgia school or college." (The italics are mine but the grammar is his.)

The governor could have been more generous in his estimate of the quality of education in Georgia. As far as Negroes are concerned, Atlanta, with six private and church-

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related institutions of higher learning, has long been a unique educational center. It is estimated that at least ten per cent of all Negro Ph.D.s in America received their undergraduate training in Atlanta. And the students of the Atlanta University Center were soon to exhibit a remarkable degree of skill at dramatizing their determination to have the rights to which they feel entitled.

First Skirmishes

The sit-in movement in Atlanta was born in a corner drugstore opposite the Atlanta University Center, when a handful of students from the several Negro colleges found themselves discussing the sit-ins already in progress in North Carolina and elsewhere. A mass meeting at Atlanta University early last March resulted in the formation of a Committee on Appeal for Human Rights, which several days later drew up the statement enumerating their grievances and calling upon "all people in authority . . . all leaders in civic life . . . and all people of goodwill to assert themselves and abolish these injustices."

To test the receptiveness of white Atlantans to the attempted desegregation of public and semi-public facilities, the students sought to attend a musical at the city auditorium with tickets for orchestra seats ordered in advance; and they "sat in" for service at a lunch counter at Rich's, the largest department store in the Southeast. At the municipal auditorium they were permitted to occupy the seats for which they held tickets, but the section in which they sat was promptly designated a Negro section by the management, and seating continued on a *de facto* segregated basis. At Rich's the students were served on March 3 and 4, but thereafter, and without prior notice, they were refused. The Appeal for Human Rights followed, but neither the newspaper advertisements nor attempts at negotiation with Rich's and the other major downtown stores produced results.

At Rich's—which stretches almost a full block on either side of Forsyth Street—one can buy anything from a packet of pins to a passage to Paris. It is generally assumed that from seventy to ninety per cent of the Negroes in Atlanta's business and professional class have maintained accounts there. When no satisfactory agreement could be reached with the management of the store, the students threw picket lines in front of it and urged all Negroes to cancel their accounts and practice "selective purchasing"—that is, to spend their money somewhere else. This was to be the first in a series of skirmishes with the giant store, a kind of field maneuver in preparation for an all-out campaign in the fall.

By the time the colleges were closed for summer vacation, the student movement had taken on some of the aspects of a permanent organization. The Committee on Appeal

for Human Rights had developed into a kind of general staff, and several operating committees with specific functions had been set up under its aegis. A Student-Adult Liaison Committee had been established to interpret the student movement to the Negro community and to enlist its support. On this committee were business executives, college presidents, professors, lawyers, other Negro leaders, and students.

The adult members of the liaison committee also served in an advisory capacity on request, but they were excluded from all student meetings dealing with policy and strategy. As one student leader has explained, "We preferred not to embarrass or otherwise discompose our adult leaders; they may have vested interests or personal obligations which may make it difficult for them to share directly in our deliberations, or in our strategy and the implementation of policy." Nonetheless, the sit-ins got overwhelming support from Negro adults, both direct and indirect. For one thing, during the summer a great many adults learned to get along without the convenience of charge accounts at the downtown stores. One group of businessmen underwrote a modest newspaper called the Atlanta *Inquirer,* edited by a college professor and largely staffed by students.

After most of the college students had scattered for their summer vacations, a switch in tactics directed the summer "field maneuvers" at chain grocery stores that have outlets in Negro neighborhoods but discriminate against Negroes in their employment practices. Except for "selective purchasing," the main campaign against the downtown stores was postponed until fall.

The summer "maneuvers" were directed mainly at units of Colonial Stores and at some smaller businesses located in areas with from ninety-five to one hundred per cent Negro patronage. When the stores refused to negotiate with the students on the question of hiring Negroes above the level of menials, picket lines were organized and a selective purchasing campaign was urged upon Negro housewives. The chief target, a Colonial store near the heart of the Negro business district on the city's Northwest Side, suddenly "closed for remodeling." A few days later it reopened with Negroes upgraded in three departments. Shortly thereafter a second store in the Colonial chain hired a Negro cashier and a Negro butcher. Two smaller stores had either already employed Negro salespersons or did so immediately after Colonial changed its policies.

Logistics and Deployment

What came to be referred to as the "Fall Campaign" got under way immediately after the reopening of the colleges in mid-September. This time the main sit-in targets were in the heart of the Atlanta shopping district. Because of its size and its alleged "leadership" in the maintenance of segregated facilities, Rich's became once again the prime objective. Encouraged, however, by the fact that in the seven months since

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the sit-ins had begun in Greensboro, North Carolina, 112 Southern cities had desegregated lunch counters. The students added Davison-Paxon, the second largest store in Atlanta, as well as drug chains such as Lane-Rexall and Walgreen and the dime and variety stores, including Woolworth, Kress, W. T. Grant, McCrory, Newberry, and H. L. Green. Accommodations were requested at *all* facilities—lunch counters, rest rooms, and in the case of the department stores, restaurants and dining rooms.

The stores refused to negotiate with the students, and beginning on October 19 a succession of sit-ins harassed the downtown merchants and brought out scores of extra police and plainclothes detectives. By Friday, October 21, hundreds of students had launched attacks in coordinated waves. Service to *anyone* at eating facilities in the stores involved had all but ended, and sixty-one students, one white heckler, and Dr. Martin Luther King were all in jail. Under a truce called by Mayor Hartsfield everyone was out of jail by Sunday morning except Dr. King. Negotiations between the merchants and the Students-Adult Liaison Committee were promised on the initiative of the mayor. When the truce ended thirty days later, no progress had been made in settling the impasse, and on November 25, the all-out attack was resumed. By mid-December, Christmas buying was down sixteen per cent—almost $10 million below normal.

BOTH the Atlanta police and the merchants have been baffled by the students' apparent ability to appear out of nowhere armed with picket signs, and by the high degree of co-ordination with which simultaneous attacks were mounted against several stores at once. Even members of the Ku Klux Klan, dressed in full regalia and prepared to counterdemonstrate against the students, frequently found themselves wandering around the downtown streets bemused—always a jump or two behind the sit-in students. The secret of their easy mobility lay in the organization the students had perfected in anticipation of an extended siege.

Much of the credit for the development of the organizational scheme belongs to Lonnie King, a Morehouse student who is the recognized leader of the student movement in Atlanta, and his immediate "general staff." Policymaking is done by a board of about fifteen students, constituting the Committee on Appeal for Human Rights, which interprets and tries to make effective the wishes of the students of the six colleges who are loosely joined together in what is known as the Atlanta Student Movement. The committee is co-chaired by Lonnie King and Herschelle Sullivan, a twenty-two-year-old senior at Spelman College. Its executive officer has the rather whimsical title of *"le Commandante."*

Le Commandante is Fred C. Bennette, a pre-theology student at Morris Brown College. The headquarters of the movement are in the basement of a church near the University Center, and Bennette arrives there promptly at seven o'clock each morning and goes through a stack of

neatly typed reports covering the previous day's operations. On the basis of these reports, the strategy for the day is planned.

By eight o'clock the first contingent of volunteers for the day's assignment has arrived; there may be anywhere between twenty-five and a hundred students present. There is a brief devotional period, which usually concludes with a prayer that the white people of Georgia and throughout the United States will learn to overcome their prejudices, and that the students will be restrained, nonviolent, and loving in their attempts to establish human dignity in Georgia. After the devotions, the student volunteers may go to the church kitchen for coffee and doughnuts provided by various adult organizations. They are then likely to scatter about the church looking for places to study until they are summoned for duty.

Meanwhile, *le Commandante* and his staff are in conference. Robert ("Tex") Felder, Deputy Chief of Operations and a second-year student at the Interdenominational Theological Center, will have arrived, as will a fellow student, the Reverend Otis Moss, who serves as field commander for the committee. Morris J. Dillard of Morehouse and James Felder of Clark College, who serve as co-chairmen of a subcommittee on public relations, will be on hand, and *le Commandante* will also expect to hear a report from a Clark College senior, Benjamin Brown, who keeps the organization's books and acts as its treasurer. Telephoned reports from Senior Intelligence Officer Daniel Mitchell, a Clark junior (already at his post downtown), will describe the nature of the flow of traffic at each potential target.

'All Right, Let's Go'

The general staff having concluded its deliberations, a number of pickets selected on the basis of their class schedules and the nature of the day's objectives will be assembled and briefed by Deputy Commander Robert Felder. A large map dividing the downtown district into five areas is invariably consulted and an Area Commander is appointed for each operational district. Assignments fall into three categories: pickets (called by the students "picketeers"), sit-ins, and a sort of flying squad called "sit-and-runs." The objective of the sit-and-runs is simply to close lunch counters by putting in an appearance and requesting service. When the merchants discontinue service to all rather than serve the Negroes, the sit-and-runs move on to another target. The group designated "sit-ins" are prepared to contest their right to be served and are willing to go to jail if need be. Those volun-

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teering for sit-in duty agree not to request bail if they are arrested.

By now it is nine or nine-thirty, and transportation has arrived. Cars provided without charge by funeral homes or other businesses as well as by individual housewives and some students are waiting to be loaded. The Deputy Commander provides each driver with a driver's orientation sheet outlining in detail the route to be followed by each driver, and the places where each of the respective groups of students are to be let out. The Area Commanders are given final instructions concerning the synchronization of the attack, and the cars move off, following different routes into the city.

In one of the last cars to leave headquarters will be the Deputy Field Commander, who with a selected squad of "stand-bys" will be driven to his "field headquarters" on the "Ramparts," a designation referring to the steps of the Post Office annex across the street from Rich's department store.

Meanwhile, Field Commander Otis Moss is checking a communications code with Ernest Brown, an eighteen-year-old Morehouse junior, or one of the five other licensed radio operators who man a short-wave radio set up in the church nursery. When this has been attended to, Commander Moss climbs into an ancient automobile equipped with a short-wave sending and receiving unit and heads for the downtown shopping district. He is accompanied by Robert Allen, eighteen, a Morehouse junior majoring in physics, whose job it will be to man the mobile radio unit.

The students have scarcely been deployed before a delivery truck arrives with a crate of apples and a dozen loaves of bread. These are from a small storekeeper who wants to contribute to the cause. Other gifts of food, cigarettes, and soft drinks arrive during the course of the morning. A housewife brings in a half-dozen pies; an insurance executive calls to say that he will underwrite the cost of $115 worth of printing the students have contracted for. A small service station will give a hundred gallons of gasoline. All such gifts are recorded and notes of thanks are written to the donors by members of a subcommittee on community support. By eleven o'clock a group of churchwomen have arrived to prepare lunch for the students.

Reports from the Field and Area Commanders begin to trickle in by radio and telephone. As the lunch hour nears, the volume of reports will increase to one every two or three minutes. The reports are typed and dated and placed on the desk of *le Commandante* by a corps of young women who serve as "Communications Aides." Duplicates are posted on the bulletin board and the students remaining at headquarters crowd around to watch the fortunes of their colleagues downtown. Here are two actual reports taken from the files and approved for publication by the Security Officer:

> 11/26/60 11:05 AM
> *From:* Captain Lenora Tait
> *To: le Commandante*
> Lunch counters at Rich's closed. Proceeded to alternative objective. Counters at Woolworth's also closed. Back to Rich's for picket duty. Ku Klux Klan circling Rich's in night gowns and dunce caps. "Looking good!"
>
> *From:* Gwendolyn Lee
> *To: le Commandante*
> Sign has been torn from the back of one of our white picketeers. He got another sign and returned to the line. Morale of white picketeers very good. Known heckler, an old man in a gray suit, is on the scene. White opposition increasing. Plain-clothes detective made co-ordinator keep moving. All picketeers now in front of Rich's.

The white pickets referred to were from Emory University, a segregated Methodist college in Atlanta. White students from the University of Georgia have also joined the Negro students in the picket lines.

Negro students have sometimes been kicked and beaten, and one student, Elroy Emory of Morris Brown College, has been repeatedly singled out for attack by a group of black-jacketed young white men who come regularly to heckle the Negro pickets. The Ku Klux Klan has mounted counterdemonstrations on at least two occasions, and has threatened to call a white boycott against any store that desegregates its eating facilities.

The downtown merchants and the Atlanta police have deplored the Klan's meddling, as have the Atlanta newspapers. It has been the Negro students who have insisted that the Klan's right to demonstrate ought to be protected. When the Klan turned out in force on Saturday, December 10—red, white, and green satin gowns, hoods and all—to demonstrate against the students and the newspapers, the students called a mass meeting for six o'clock the next morning "to pray for our white brothers of the Ku Klux Klan." Nearly five thousand students and adults made their way to Herndon Stadium before daylight, and stood bareheaded in a cold rain to be led in prayer by the Reverend William Holmes Borders for the spiritual enlightenment of the Ku Klux Klan. That night a bomb wrecked a Negro elementary school a few blocks from the scene of the early-morning prayer meeting.

Allies and Morale

The sit-ins continue, a somber prelude to the school desegregation problems Atlanta will have to face next September. Support from adult Negroes is firm and consistent, and professional men and women have joined the students in the picket lines on "Doctors' Day," "Nurses' Day," and even "Professors' Day."

In some cases the students have been encouraged by white clerks and other personnel working in the very stores against which the sit-ins are directed. At least one sympathetic white woman living in Atlanta's exclusive Buckhead section fired her maid when the maid admitted that she had crossed the picket line at Rich's to buy a dress. Another white woman who had been watching the New Orleans spectacle on television called an official at one of the Negro colleges to ask that the Negroes continue to pray that the white race be forgiven for its behavior toward Negroes and that the students be encouraged to continue their efforts.

There seems little doubt that the efforts will be continued. The Negro students and their white and black allies are determined to keep on sitting in, sitting and running, and picketing until their battle is won.

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Capitalist Revolution in Iowa

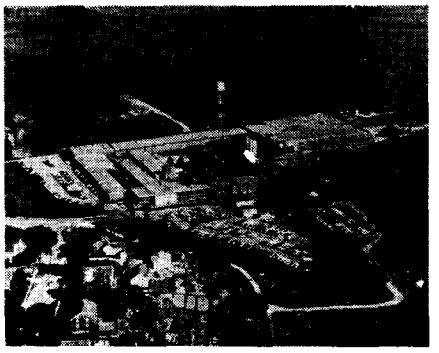
ROBERT L. SCHIFFER

THE AMANA SOCIETY, which is known to most Americans only because its name is associated with the freezer industry, owes its present success in capitalism at least in some measure to its past failures in communism. Now a multi-million-dollar corporation that operates thirty-two lucrative business enterprises, the society was originally set up by a group of deeply religious German refugees who had decided to share their property in common at a time when the open plains of nineteenth-century America offered room and isolation for such Utopian experiments. There were a number of similar ventures into Christian communism in the nineteenth century, but Amana is certainly the most substantial of these sects to have survived in any form.

Not long ago I paid a visit to the seven villages—Amana, Middle Amana, High Amana, East Amana, West Amana, South Amana, and Homestead—that the society has spread about among twenty-five thousand acres of rich Iowa corn and alfalfa fields and timberland, to find out how the conversion to capitalism has affected Amana's original ideals. The first of the villages was cut into the Iowa River valley twenty miles southwest of Cedar Rapids in 1855, and all the others were subsequently spotted "two hours by oxen" apart and named by compass and topography (with the exception of Homestead, a later addition). They all still have the appearance of the well-scrubbed old German towns after which they were modeled by the refugees who founded the society. Deep drainage ditches, dug when the villages first were laid out, line the streets, some paved, some not. And with the exception of a few contemporary houses sitting off by themselves, as if a bit self-conscious, most of the buildings are original one- or two-story gabled affairs of local timber, sandstone, and homemade brick. The stern German architectural lines show through any modern improvements, and there is a tranquillity to the place more in keeping with an 1858 date I saw carved over one doorway arch than with the neon lights and signs slung over a few restaurants and other hopeful tourist spots. The Amanas enjoy a certain historical notoriety that helps draw a hundred thousand sightseers annually, so that at times the visitors outnumber the villagers, of whom there are approximately two thousand (seven hundred society members and their families, plus two hundred nonmembers).

'Communism by Revelation'

I learned that the villages have no elected officials (neither are there policemen, jails, or crime, unless one wants to count traffic violations).



The nearest thing to a mayor of the villages is the society secretary, Peter Stuck, who has held the job ever since the society's reorganization in 1932. We met at Amana headquarters, which is also a town hall of sorts, and I found him to be a gray-haired schoolteacher type who, like almost everyone else I had run into, spoke with a German accent that colors even fourth- and fifth-generation Amana English. Early in our talk he remarked that every now and then a crank popped in who seemed to think they were all a bunch of not so reformed Marxists, and this amused him no end. "After our experience with communal life, we could tell the Russians a thing or two," he said, shaking his head. "It's just not practical, this business of one for all and all for one. It's against human nature. We don't want to be an example for anyone, but we're the best proof there is that man must be perfect to lead an unselfish life."

He was thoroughly versed in Amana's history, and after first making clear that the society's communism had had no political overtones to it, not by a long shot, he summarized it for me as follows. The whole business began as a protest against the Lutheran Church that took place in the German province of Hesse in 1714; the participants organized themselves into a Community of True Inspiration, or Inspirationists, maintaining that they received divine inspirations and revelations, just as Moses and prophets of the Bible had. They took their first step toward communism when they banded together for self-protection while still in Germany, and went all the way after moving, in 1842, to eight thousand acres of Seneca Indian land near Buffalo, New York, when it developed that they couldn't figure out how to divide the property they had bought equitably among themselves. One of their *Werkzeuge,* or tools (of God), then testified to a divine revelation that they live communally, the land belonging to all, a proposal they eventually accepted in a development that has become known in the society as "communism by revelation." The move to Amana (so named because its site was thought to resemble that of "the top of Amana" described in the Song of Solomon) followed soon after, when the first colony they had built near Buffalo (called Ebenezer, also of Biblical derivation) became too small for the eight hundred Inspirationists who lived there. And it was as the Amana Society that they took out their first articles of incorporation in 1859, describing themselves as a religious and benevolent organization not operating for pecuniary profit and a church brotherhood with common estate and property.

Brides Wore Black

As such, they did fairly well. Basically they had an agrarian economy, but they made out nicely too in woolen mills, cabinet shops, and other crafts that they had learned in Germany. All produce went into a common storehouse, with members apportioned equal shares, including

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free clothing, shelter, medical care, and old-age benefits. The elders of the Amana church, who controlled temporal affairs too, did not encourage idleness. They assigned everyone to jobs for the good of the society as a whole, the men to the farms and community services, the women to a chain of community kitchens that cooked for everyone. Schooling stopped at the age of fourteen; only when the elders thought the time had come to start training another doctor, teacher, or pharmacist was a boy—never a girl—exposed to the outside influences of Cedar Rapids or Iowa City. Otherwise, during the community's first few decades there was no contact with anything the elders considered worldly—music, dancing, and flowers included. Church services, often two and three a day, lasted several hours each, and no one could marry without permission. Brides wore black.

By the turn of the century, Mr. Stuck told me, most of the original settlers had died out, and some of their ideals died with them. Workers began to hire outside help to do their chores, secret bank accounts were opened in Cedar Rapids, and during the 1920's the young people of Amana began to get interested in clothes, cars, baseball, the telephone, dancing. The outside world was constantly breaking in upon the community's lost frontier isolation, and when the depression came, Amana, like many another institution, faced bankruptcy and liquidation. Some members were willing to give up, but most were not, and by a nine-to-one vote of the entire society it was decided, as a desperation measure, to make a last group effort not as communists but as capitalists, stockholders, wage earners, and individual property owners, all under the umbrella of a cooperative corporation. Almost as revolutionary was the decision to separate Amana's private church and state; a new church society was now to have religious jurisdiction over a voluntary membership only. But perhaps the most drastic social upheaval was the decision to shut down the community kitchens, a cause of no end of difficulties for those who didn't know how to cook or just didn't like eating by themselves.

Mr. Stuck revealed that he had been a chief agitator in the reform movement, and he recalled the difficulties and excitement of the transition period with obvious relish. At first the society hired a business manager to straighten out its affairs. Then it requested Iowa fiscal authorities to appraise its holdings—farms, timberland, livestock, houses, factories, shops, machinery, tools. With every dish counted, it came to

$2.2 million, an amount that provided initial capitalization for two kinds of stock, voting and nonvoting. Each was evaluated at $50 a share, with the voting stock serving as the equivalent of a membership card in the new society. Only one share, nontransferable, was issued to each Amana adult. The nonvoting stock, however, which was readily convertible into cash, was distributed to the members in proportion to their years of service to the society. It provided the means that enabled them to buy not only their own homes (mainly the ones they had lived in all their lives) and furnishings (the ones handed down from generation to generation) but also certain necessities they had never bothered with before: stoves, pots and pans, clothing and food. Since most of their purchases were made directly from the corporation, not much actual cash changed hands, the new stockholder merely turning in enough of his nonvoting shares to cover the amount he wished to spend. "It was really a very private affair," Mr. Stuck commented, "and I must say not a little remarkable when you realize how limited our financial experience had been. I can tell you we didn't do much sleeping in those days as we tried to figure it all out."

As unemployment climbed higher throughout the country, it went down in Amana as everyone went back to work, for the most part to his old job, which now paid ten cents a day. Agriculture remained the main occupation and source of income, and each Amana village became the center of a farm department complete with manager and staff. Lumber and woolen mills, cabinet shops and furniture factories, general stores and meat-packing plants, farm-equipment shops, feed mills—not a single communal activity was overlooked in the reorganization. Every one of the old enterprises was overhauled, brought up to date, and set up as an independent company responsible to the corporation; Amana farm products, textiles, furniture, bread and hams and sausages were sold in nearby towns, and eventually in cities throughout the country. Profits were small to begin with, but apparently the novelty of the situation fired a good deal of enthusiasm among the employees of the corporation, who after all were stockholders and owners too. By the time the depression was over, I was told, the Amanas had just about the highest standard of living of any similar rural community in the country.

As matters stand now, the Amana Corporation's thirty-two enterprises do an increasing amount of business each year and had net sales for 1959 of more than $6.5 million. The wages paid to employees, no longer all members of the society, have been moved up from the ten cents a day of 1932 to a current average of two dollars an hour.

Amana's growing opulence has naturally created a number of problems. Mr. Stuck cited the case of voting stock which paid a $2.50 dividend in 1959. A single share that was worth $50 in 1932 was worth nearly $4,000 in 1955. While no one was displeased, he said, they were all realistic enough to know that in the long run it would not pay off in additional membership. The reasoning was that most young people—the ones the society felt it needed if it was to stay in business—just didn't have that kind of capital. So a stock split was voted soon after the 1955 high had been reached, and one hundred new shares were created out of one old share, which basically did

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not change in value. No one lost anything on the deal; but those who wanted to purchase a membership now could buy their way in on a hundred-payment installment plan.

Faced with Success

I inquired whether anyone with the purchase price could become a member of Amana today, and learned that, anxious as it is for increased membership, the society is much more selective than any Ivy League fraternity, and keeps a tight hold not only over its voting stock but over its land as well. It holds an option on both, and in the event of a member's death, it has prior rights to purchase everything back at the price originally paid. In that way it could, if it desired, prevent anyone considered objectionable from joining or moving in. Nor do heirs become members automatically; however, they do receive shares of a special stock equal to the amount of their inheritance, which they may exchange for voting stock when they reach their twenty-first birthday and before their twenty-third. After that, they are required to follow the same procedure as outsiders who apply for membership and have to be passed on by a two-thirds vote. (Something like fifteen outsiders a year get in.) The only other requisite is residence on Amana land six months of the year. Exceptions are made in certain cases such as that of a parent who desires to live with children who have moved away. Otherwise, a member must dispose of his land and voting stock and lose his medical and burial privileges, not to mention the right to a discount at the Amana pharmacy.

Also lost would be the right to vote for a nine-member board of directors (currently eight men and one woman) which supervises the economic life of Amana, appointing a management committee to run the various enterprises and keeping a wary eye on the membership too, much as the elders did at one time. In the latest of the society's annual reports to stockholders, which Mr. Stuck showed me, I noted among the statistics gentle reminders calling attention to the society's philosophy. In an opening statement, it said: "As individuals we should all realize we are merely cogs in a machine God has seen fit to guide and keep this far. Thus may He also see fit to guide and keep us throughout the future, one group, indivisible, with one for all and all for one." Another section added: "The success of the corporation, after all, reflects on us as individual stockholders and the

good of the corporation should be paramount to individual interest."

It was concern for the good of the corporation, I gathered, that led to a crisis over the freezer business that has made Amana a household word in America. Strangely enough, it was not a question of too little income that precipitated it, but too much. Amana Refrigerator, Inc., had been founded by one of the society's earliest entrepreneurs, a horse-and-buggy salesman named George Foerstner, who started out by manufacturing a beverage cooler shortly after repeal of the Volstead Act legalized the sale of beer. He did well enough to require additional financing and so sold out to the society (remaining as general manager). Within a few years the plant had developed into one of the country's largest producers of freezers and refrigerators—and much more recently, of air conditioners. Its very success, though, presented a problem to the society.

Mr. Stuck then explained that the necessity of providing a constant flow of capital for expansion of a now major industry, while at the same time meeting primary obligations to other society enterprises and the membership as well, had led to a soul-searching decision almost as great as the one of 1932. The result was that the society stepped out of the freezer business late in 1949 for a tidy $1.5 million put up by a group of Cedar Rapids businessmen, the first time any Amana property had been disposed of to an outside group. There were quite a few complaints from disgruntled members, Mr. Stuck said, but the grumbling gradually died down. By 1952, when the Amana charter came up for renewal (which it does every twenty years as provided by Iowa law), the vote was 633-0 to continue as before. Among others I spoke to, I heard some wistful references here and there to the fact that Amana Refrigerator now does an annual business in excess of $30 million. But the plant, now situated at the edge of a cornfield in Middle Amana, still employs a good many members (including George Foerstner, its executive vice-president), and is one of the community's best customers, buying its telephone service and electricity from two Amana-owned subsidiaries. It is thus still a sizable item in totting up the annual dividends, and it is regarded by many as the heart of present-day Amana.

DURING MY STAY, I visited a number of the society's enterprises, and was particularly impressed by the businesslike efficiency of their operations. Many had signs hung on the walls calling attention to the fact that Amana workers were craftsmen. One peppery chap I spoke to remarked that most other Utopian communities had been made up of dreamers, writers, and poets with an ideal, people who didn't know how to hammer a nail and so couldn't survive. "We had our ideals just like them," he said, "but we were craftsmen in the bargain. We knew the soul does not live by words alone; it must have bread and butter." I stopped off at the Amana High School (there is also a grade school in Amana and both are under state jurisdiction), and learned that in the past twenty-five years it had graduated five hundred boys and girls. Fifty-one per cent of them went on to college, but the great majority have come back to live in Amana and work in its industries.

In making the rounds of the Amana farms, I struck up a conversation with a short, energetic man who looked like an Irishman but who spoke with a German accent, a

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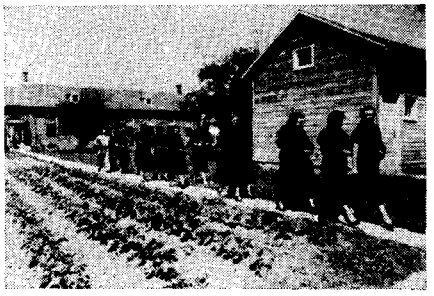
heavy one at that. He told me his name was Henry Bendorf and that he was the manager of the High Amana farm department.

We drove up the hill from which High Amana derived its name (actually it was Amana vor der Hohe, Amana in front of the hill) and looked out across the Iowa River Valley, brown and green with Amana corn and alfalfa. Splashes of white showed where farmhouses, corncribs, and barns clustered together in uneven patches. Up to the time of the change, Mr. Bendorf told me, few of the buildings had been painted (paint cost money and the society had plenty of wood from its timberland, so it was cheaper to build than to paint). But now, he boasted, he was a stickler for painting the buildings on the farms he managed just as soon as any weathering showed through. "I often come up here," he said, "and look down and around me and say, 'All this is mine.' You can give a man a million dollars, but he can only eat so much and drink so much. Here we have twenty-five thousand acres that all belong to us, for hunting, for fishing, for doing what we like. We earn all we need here and we still have our souls." My guide also turned out to be the caretaker of the High Amana cemetery, and we stopped there briefly. It was situated on a hill slope in a clearing surrounded by pines and cedars, and only the smallest identical headstones (with bare information mostly showing that the Amana people are long-lived) protruded above a trim green lawn. The uniformity was a characteristic of the old Inspirationist precept of equality. Every spring when the grass was mowed, I was told, the headstones would be picked up and placed neatly in a pile until the job was done. An effort was made to restore them in the same order, but no one would swear to its accuracy, and no one really seemed to mind anyway.

Zion Remembered

The change that ended the old communistic society, I learned, resulted in innovations other than an annual dividend. In 1935 dancing came to the Amana High School. In 1937 Amana homes were electrified. By 1940 most members had radios and cars, and boys were playing baseball, once banned as too worldly; one of them, Bill Zuber, became a pitcher for the New York Yankees. By 1950 they had television and air conditioning. By 1952 or 1953—no one was sure of the exact date—they had their first case of divorce. While all this was going on, brides began to wear white. I was advised that in another month or two there would be still another change, one affecting the Amana church, where services are still conducted in German. The elders have been worried by the numbers of younger people now attending other churches, and they feel that one way to get them back is to substitute English as the church language. This will be done gradually, they say. The old people must be considered too, and the translation of the Amana *Heilige Schrifte* and *Psalter Spiel,* as well as some five thousand revelations of the Inspirationists, is no easy task. The job has fallen to a country doctor named Henry G. Moershel, the president of the Amana Church Society. I went to see him in Homestead, where a cornfield crowds the main street. Now approaching seventy, he still stands tall and straight. He greeted me in his white doctor's tunic and said quietly that in his view the Amana communism that failed had been something beautiful. "I am not suggesting that we return to it," he emphasized, but he was obviously saddened by some of the changes that have taken place since the old



society sent him to medical school. "Everyone is too well off now," he added, "and they would never be happy with the old system. But you must remember that to some extent all family life is communistic, and our society was like a large family sharing everything, just like the first Christian community. If you have a deep religious conviction and love for your fellow man, communism is possible. Today, everyone makes the mistake of thinking of communism in Russian terms only. But they forget there is a difference between a communism based on the Bible and a communism based on the bayonet. One contains love, the other fear."

DR. MOERSHEL suggested that perhaps the closest link Amana had with its past was its church service, changed only in being shorter, and he invited me to look in on the Homestead church the next morning, a Sunday. I met him a few minutes before nine in front of a long barrackslike building. It was sunny and mild and we stood outside talking while the Amana villagers arrived, the men in business suits and their wives in plain black dresses, black bonnets, and black shawls, which are no longer required but are worn to church out of respect for the past. As they filed into church, they separated, the men using the main entrance, the women a small side door. Inside, they seated themselves on long white oak benches placed on opposite sides of a room like a gymnasium, whitewashed and antiseptically barren of any decoration or altar. The German service was simple and reflected the cooperative spirit of the old Amana. First, everyone participated in the singing of hymns, led by a choir of *Vorsaenger,* or advance singers. In the prayers that followed, each person delivered a line or two as the words rippled in a hushed, singsong rhythm from one to the other, until the last voice died out and the room was still. When it was over they left by the same doors as they had entered.

I saw Dr. Moershel again outside the church, and walked with him as he headed up the street toward his home at the other end of the village. As we shook hands, he said: "We have a good life here now. We have our homes and our heritage left us by preceding generations. This is very precious to us even though we no longer practice their teachings the way we used to when life was much simpler and the people closer to God. The time may yet come when the children here will be like the children of Israel when they sat by the waters of Babylon and wept as they remembered Zion."

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The New Communist Manifesto

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

THE NOVEMBER CONFERENCE of the leaders of eighty-one Communist Parties in Moscow was very nearly a revival of the old Communist International, which Stalin had dissolved in 1943. The Chinese Communists, it seems, favored a formal reconstitution of the Comintern, whereas the Russians were against it. The Russians' position was that they did not wish "to give western propagandists a pretext for stepping up the anti-Communist campaign."

Compared with this carefully prepared conference, the November, 1957, meeting of Communist leaders was a hastily improvised and tentative affair. This time an elaborate agenda was fixed well in advance, and theses and discussion materials had been circulated among the participants a month beforehand, so that everyone knew what the controversial issues were and had enough time to make up his mind about them. It was indeed a matter of making up one's mind, for it was clear that what was convened was not just another of those Cominform parades which used to be held between 1947 and 1953 after the Comintern was dissolved.

THE COMINFORM, with its eight or nine member parties, was a relatively small regional body, whereas the Moscow conference was representative of an almost world-wide movement. And there was this startling novelty: for the first time since the Lenin era the Russians came to an international Communist gathering not to dictate their will and see it meekly accepted by all, but to defend and explain their policies against severe criticisms from "fraternal parties." They had to reply to attacks not only from the Chinese but even from Latin-American and Southeast Asian delegates.

In this respect the November conference was also very different from the last congresses of the Stalinized Comintern, those of 1935 and 1928, at which Stalin's infallibility was accepted without demur and he did not even deign to speak in person. No such Papal privileges were granted to Khrushchev; and in the Russo-Chinese dispute—the quarrel, that is, between the two Big Brothers—it was clear that neither was big enough to lay down the law.

At the conference the clash of opinion was genuine, prolonged, and sometimes passionate. It went on at the plenary sessions and in the various committees, which had been constituted almost in parliamentary fashion. To the embarrassment and even alarm of Moscow's stiffer hierarchs, the course of the debate was at times unpredictable; and there was no lack of stormy scenes.

Yet both the Russians and the Chinese had come to the conference willing to compromise and strike a quick bargain. Even before the conference, both had dropped or toned down their most extreme formulas in order to narrow the gap between their respective viewpoints. The Chinese had ceased to repeat that "war is inevitable" and to frown at "peaceful coexistence." The Russians had withdrawn the most indiscreet of their "revisionist" statements; Khrushchev no longer repeated that Lenin's theory of imperialism was out of date, that world war was "an impossibility," and that some Communist Parties in West and East could and should take the "parliamentary road to socialism." What then, after this preliminary *rapprochement,* kept the Chinese and the Russians at loggerheads, prolonging the conference for three full weeks?

Active and Passive Voices

The fact is that the more both sides narrowed the gap between their ideological formulas, the more real did the gap show itself to be. Even though the Chinese had come to Moscow somewhat remorseful about their "polemical excesses" and ready to admit that they had gone too far in ridiculing "peaceful coexistence" as a "dangerous revisionist delusion," Moscow and Peking still had different things in mind when they spoke in favor of peaceful coexistence. To the Chinese this meant the avoidance of world war but the continuation of the cold war and of the arms race. "We are, of course, also for peaceful coexistence," they said in effect, "but does this mean that Comrade Khrushchev has necessarily to climb up the summit on all fours over and over again?" They were against Khrushchev's "diplomatic initiatives"; and as the discussion heated up, they went over the record to show that he had "sadly lacked Communist firmness and dignity," especially during the Camp David period. They also declared that they saw no necessary connection between peaceful coexistence and "all that futile disarmament talk to which western imperialism, in its insanity, does not and cannot respond, but which spreads illusions among our own peoples and causes them to relax more than is safe for all of us."

The Russian answer was that what the Chinese stood for was merely "passive coexistence," whereas they, the Russians, were for "an active policy of coexistence." "Passive coexistence," according to the Khrushchev argument, would be merely a drift into war. The state of world affairs, bad as it was, would have been far worse, so Khrushchev pointed out, if Soviet diplomacy had not actively striven for an international *détente;* and without this striving it might yet rapidly and dangerously deteriorate. Chinese "irresponsibility" and "criminal lightmindedness" in playing down the dangers of nuclear warfare came under angry attack. Khrushchev, admitting the failure of his disarmament efforts so far, nevertheless in-

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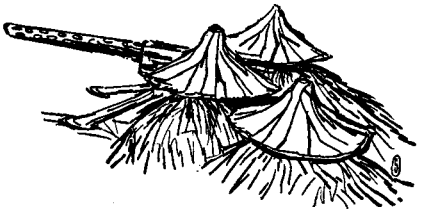
sisted on the need to continue these efforts. On this point, it is reported, he spoke with feeling, invoking the responsibility of the Communist leaders "before mankind and before history," which would not forgive them if they gave up the quest for disarmament. Were disarmament talks with the West altogether futile? The Chinese, in speaking about the "insanity of decaying imperialism," overlooked the fact that "the American bourgeoisie is divided against itself and one section of it sees clearly the folly of nuclear war and wants peace."

Soviet diplomacy and the Communist Parties, Khrushchev went on, must rely on the "sober elements of the western bourgeoisie" and must by their own policy strengthen the hands of those elements against the "insane imperialists." It was easy for his critics to belittle the effects of his diplomatic moves; but should he sit back with folded arms when a new American administration was taking over? To the Chinese argument that "the Democrats are no better than the Republicans and Kennedy is no better than Eisenhower," Khrushchev replied that this may be so but that it would be "an unforgivable error" to take it for granted. He wanted at least to test the intentions of the new American administration, and, yes, to climb to the summit again. He is reported to have made an impassioned appeal to the conference not to obstruct his diplomacy, as the Chinese had done more than once. The delegates are said to have been greatly impressed by the gravity and urgency of his appeal.

If Khrushchev carried his audience with him on this point, the Chinese were more successful when they attacked his conduct of Communist policy in the strict sense. They accused him of "curbing the anti-imperialist struggle in Asia, Africa, and Latin America," especially in Iraq, India, and Algeria. They attacked his "friendship" with Nasser, Kassem, Nehru, and Sukarno, and demanded that the Communist Parties in those leaders' countries should behave more aggressively toward them and the "national bourgeoisie" at large. In other words, they said that the Russians, in the interest of their diplomacy, virtually sabotaged Communist revolution in the underdeveloped countries.

According to reports from Moscow, this charge was eagerly taken up by Latin-American, Indian, and other Communists, whose parties are more or less divided between Khrushchevite and Maoist factions.

The Russians countered these accusations with the thesis that the "main form of class struggle" in the years ahead was the economic competition between the Soviet bloc and NATO, and that all other methods of class struggle must be adjusted and indeed subordinated to this basic fact. Despite Sputniks and intercontinental missiles, they argued, the Soviet Union is still economically inferior to the United States. As long as this is so, they insisted—that is, for another five to ten years—they could not afford to provoke the western bourgeoisie unduly by committing themselves irrevocably to the support of every revolutionary movement in every corner of the world. The Chinese held that the Soviet bloc was in



fact strategically far stronger than the Russians implied; but even if this were not so, that was one more reason why the Soviet bloc should seek to compensate for its economic inferiority by throwing all its weight behind the revolutionary forces of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Over this issue centered much of the three weeks' debate.

The declaration of the eighty-one Communist Parties, as it was finally adopted with many amendments and corrections, strikes a balance between the Russian and the Chinese viewpoints. In almost every passage it aims at a synthesis between a Russian thesis and a Chinese antithesis. Only this balancing secured for the document unanimous adoption.

The unanimity was not achieved mechanically, nor was it merely apparent. The disputants were anxious to present a common front to the outside world. The Chinese have not been out to challenge the Soviet leadership of the Communist camp, but they have been determined to put teeth into Soviet policy. In this they succeeded to some extent even before the conference, as could be seen from Khrushchev's behavior at the United Nations, from his partial recognition of the Algerian provisional government, and from the changed tenor of various Russian pronouncements.

The Moscow declaration emphatically reacknowledges Soviet leadership, but even in doing so it acknowledges China's powerful influence. Thus, it echoes Khrushchev in proclaiming that "peaceful coexistence . . . or destructive war—this is the alternative today" and in rejecting "American," and by implication Chinese, "brinkmanship" as "leading to thermonuclear catastrophe." But the declaration favors the Chinese position in asserting that "the aggressive nature of imperialism has not changed" (i.e., that Lenin's definition of it is still valid) and that "imperialism . . . persists in preparing a new world war." The eighty-one parties accept the Russian thesis that the economic contest between the Soviet Union and the United States is "the main form of the class struggle" at present; but they insist on the need to intensify the class struggle proper, especially in the underdeveloped countries. For the first time the "national bourgeoisie" of those countries is openly described as a vacillating and undependable ally, liable to seek accommodation with the West; and for the first time Khrushchev's friends Nasser and Kassem have been attacked for suppressing Communism in their countries. For all its elaborate character and stylistic élan, the declaration is not likely to put an end to controversy. It will rather serve as one of those sacred texts which each disputant can and undoubtedly will quote in support of his own views and policies.

Condemned to Mutual Tolerance

What then is going to be the effect of the Moscow conference on the international Communist movement and on Soviet diplomacy?

The international Communist

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movement remains divided into three wings: left, right, and center. These are in some respects the indirect descendants of the three rival Communist schools of thought of the 1920's—Trotskyist, Stalinist, and Bukharinist. But whereas in the 1920's the contest ended in the establishment of the Stalinist monopoly and the suppression of all the other schools of thought, the present struggle can hardly lead to a similar outcome. Khrushchev, the leader of the Center, cannot afford to excommunicate the Maoist Left. Nor can Mao afford to pronounce an anathema against Khrushchev. Thus they and their supporters must therefore go on arguing and patching up their differences as best they can. They are, so to speak, condemned to do this in mutual tolerance, which does not come easy to either of them.

This relative tolerance is quite new to contemporary Communism, which has been formed in the monolithic mold of Stalinism. It breaks up that mold, and it creates openings for viewpoints other than the Maoist and the Khrushchevite. One may doubt whether the conference would have been able to repeat, as it has done, the condemnation of Titoism if Tito and his party had not chosen to remain outside the organization. Within, the Poles, the Italians, and others form the right wing. In Moscow, this Right preferred not to speak with its own voice; it was glad to see that Khrushchev took the initiative for the attack on the Chinese, and it lent its support to him. In the long run, however, a three-cornered contest may well develop; and the dispute, which ostensibly is still between the Chinese and the Russians only, is already cutting across the various national parties. It is an intraparty as well as an interparty affair. There are "revisionists" and "dogmatists" in Russia and even in China, and in quite a few other parties. Among the Southeast Asians and Latin Americans, the split between the Maoists and the Khrushchevites has already become more or less open.

The decisions of the Moscow conference foreshadow little or no change in the policies of the Communist Parties of the West, especially those of Western Europe, where the relative stability of the existing régimes leaves little scope for revolutionary action in the near future. But the parties of the underdeveloped nations are likely to become more active and aggressive than hitherto.

This may be of particular importance for India, where the Communists of West Bengal, in opposition to their national leadership, have opted for the Maoist line. Expecting to score a great success at the next election, the Maoists of Calcutta hope to make of West Bengal a Communist stronghold, and declare that they will not surrender it to Nehru and his Congress Party as meekly as their comrades of Kerala surrendered their stronghold. An intensification of revolutionary activity may also be expected in Latin America, where Maoism has been gaining ground.

Leading the Leader

The effect of the conference on Soviet diplomacy may be considerable. True, Khrushchev has been given a free hand to make an approach to the new American administration; and another journey to the summit is about to begin. But the conference has also restricted Khrushchev's freedom of movement and of bargaining. This is not to say that the eighty-one Communist Parties, big, small, and tiny, are, through a formal resolution, dictating to the Soviet premier what he has to do. It is rather that he can no longer pursue any policy in overt conflict with the Chinese and in defiance of the mood prevailing in the Communist movement at large.

That mood allows Khrushchev to pick up with President Kennedy the threads of negotiation where he and President Eisenhower had left them, but it does not allow him to go back to the "Camp David spirit" with all the hail-fellow-well-met panache so congenial to the Soviet leader. The conference has told him that in any negotiations with the West he must be, and must be seen to be, a much tougher negotiator than he has been in the past. It has allowed him to fly once again to the summit, but it has somewhat clipped his wings before the flight.

Whether Khrushchev will act in the spirit of this instruction remains to be seen. If he does not, the Chinese, and not only they, will turn their heavy guns on him; and the ideological barrage will be fiercer than ever.

A real change has thus occurred in the background against which the Soviet government is going to confront the new American administration. The relative ease and freedom of initiative that Soviet diplomacy enjoyed between 1954 and 1960 belongs to the past. In these years Khrushchev rid himself of his rivals Malenkov and Molotov and seemingly became the sole master of Soviet diplomacy and policy. But now he has come under pressures from within the Communist camp far more powerful and severe than those to which he was ever exposed from his Russian rivals. The growing momentum of the Communist "one-third of the world" has its impact even on Moscow. It shows itself in the fact that for all the renewed emphasis on the Soviet leadership of the Communist camp, the Russians can now lead only on condition that they also allow themselves to be led.

THE IDEOLOGICAL TRUCE between Peking and Moscow is designed to cover the critical period during which Moscow will be testing the intentions of the new American administration. The results of the testing will have a decisive influence on the further evolution of Communist policy. Every move made by the new American President and the Soviet premier, every phase in their negotiations (if there are any), every bit of progress made, and every failure to make any progress will be scrutinized throughout the Communist world, and eagerly evaluated as evidence in support either of the Khrushchevite or of the Maoist line. The Khrushchevites will dwell on every event and incident that they may be able to interpret as evidence in favor of their policy of "active coexistence"; while the Maoists will grasp every straw in the wind to prove that no genuine compact between East and West is possible, and that nothing but uninhibited global class struggle can resolve the fundamental conflict by which the world is torn. In a sense, therefore, Mr. Kennedy will be the unwitting arbiter of this inner Communist controversy.

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China Keeps the Pressure Up

DENIS WARNER

COMMUNIST CHINA has emerged from the great ideological debate in Moscow as a virtuous champion of peace and peaceful coexistence without in any way compromising its current policy of inspiring, aiding, and abetting revolutions around the globe.

Red Flag, the official organ of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, explained the policy in a long article on November 16: "While socialist countries make necessary and possible compromises with capitalist countries diplomatically, such compromises do not require the people in the countries of the capitalist world to follow suit and make compromises at home.

"Hence, one should not confuse the peaceful foreign policy of the socialist countries with the domestic policy of the proletariat in the capitalist countries. The more developed the revolutionary struggles of the people in the various countries are, the more favorable is the situation to force the imperialist countries to compromise with the socialist countries and reach agreement on certain . . . important issues."

In other words, Khrushchev will have Mao's blessing when he calls for another summit in which seeming concessions may be made, but Mao will continue to stir up trouble in the Philippines, Japan, South Korea, Laos, South Vietnam, Sikkim, Bhutan, Nepal, Algeria, Cuba, or anywhere else in the underdeveloped world friendly to the "imperialists," and by doing so will contribute—or so he maintains—to the true cause of peaceful coexistence and of peace.

The Cuban Beachhead

These high principles have not been hastily contrived. At times they have been held in abeyance, but they were very much to the fore late in September when Ferhat Abbas, the Algerian rebel leader, arrived in Peking to seek support in the struggle in North Africa, and were emphasized again upon the arrival in November of another honored guest, Major Ernesto ("Che") Guevara, Fidel Castro's adventuristic adviser.

"The significance and influence of the victory, consolidation, and development of the Cuban revolution have gone far beyond the scope of that country," said the Peking *People's Daily*. "Throughout Latin America, revolutionary Cuba has become a glittering banner. By their own struggle, the Cuban people have set an example showing that a country which lies nearest to the United States and under its strictest control is able to win victory in the national liberation struggle . . ."

"The Cuban people feel deeply grateful to the Chinese people—a gratitude beyond description in words," replied Guevara. "The Chinese people with their twenty-two years of struggle have given the Cuban people great experience, and China's worker-peasant alliance in the conditions of a backward countryside similar to that of the American states has revealed a new road for the Americas."

Prime Minister Chou En-lai proposed a toast to "militant friendship." This is an expression with specific meaning. It was used, for instance, to describe the relationship between the Algerian rebels and China; it was not mentioned in connection with the agreement between Guinea and China which President Sékou Touré and Liu Shao-chi, the president of the Chinese People's Republic, had negotiated between them in September.

Long talks with Mao Tse-tung followed. For nearly two weeks, the Cuban and Chinese representatives worked out the details. In a joint communiqué issued on November 30, China agreed to provide Cuba with an interest-free loan of 240 million rubles (some $60 million) to pay for "complete sets of equipment and other technical aid" from China. Under the original five-year trade and payment agreement between China and Cuba, which was signed in Havana on July 23, China agreed to buy 500,000 metric tons of sugar, 350,000 tons of which was due to be delivered before December 31, 1960. Under the revised agreement, China will buy a million tons of sugar and other Cuban exports, while the Cuban government will buy Chinese exports of an equivalent value.

The communiqué included comments directed squarely at Moscow. Both parties "solemnly declare that China and Cuba will unswervingly support the peoples of Latin America, Asia, and Africa in their just struggle to oppose imperialism and colonialism." The Cubans fully supported the "Chinese people's just struggle for the liberation of their own territory, Taiwan."

It is obvious not only from the nature of this communiqué but also from other official comment made during the Guevara visit that China, having explored the prospects of using Cuba as a main base area for Latin America, intends to continue its pursuit of "peace" by extending revolution wherever possible. A *People's Daily* editorial listed Guatemala, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Honduras, and Panama among other Latin-American countries where the people had launched "increasingly vigorous struggles" against the "ruthless exploitation" of the United States, and it concluded: "The frenzied struggle of the U.S. ruling circles can neither end the hopelessly incurable economic crisis nor hold back the flood of the Latin-American peoples' swiftly developing national and democratic movements."

THE MOST SIGNIFICANT aspect of Peking's current campaign, however, is not its bellicosity but the scale on which it is going about the job of buying friends and converts. Guinea has had fifteen thousand tons of rice from Peking in 1960 despite serious if not critical food shortages in China; ships were unloading another ten thousand tons in Havana when Guevara left for Peking. Guinea got an interest-free loan of $25 million in September; North Korea received $105 million, the largest loan ever made by China, in October; and the Algerian rebels an undisclosed but certainly substantial sum the same month. By Chinese standards and in the light of China's own needs, these are huge sums. Their magnitude is the yardstick of Peking's intentions.

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Agitprop Goes to Work

MARVIN L. KALB

Moscow

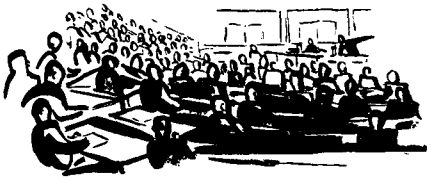
THE COMMUNIST LEADERS arrived in a typically snow-covered, fog-enshrouded capital. From Uruguay came Rodney Arismendi; from Indonesia came Dipa Aidit; from France, Maurice Thorez; and from Peking, Liu Shao-chi. On November 7, joined by Khrushchev, they gathered around the Lenin-Stalin Mausoleum, as a stiff Siberian wind stiffened the flags and banners commemorating the forty-third anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. Then, on November 10, at Khrushchev's suggestion, they filed behind the massive portals of the Kremlin to discuss the ideological merits of his pet doctrine of peaceful coexistence—the backbone of the Soviet leader's strategy for painting the world red.

Twenty-one days of vigorous debate later, they finally emerged in the snowy twilight—an ideological formula in their hip pockets reportedly acceptable to all shades of Marxist opinion. On November 30, a short communiqué was released by Tass, the official Soviet news agency, stating for the first time that the Byzantinely secretive summit had actually taken place. The communiqué also stated that a major manifesto on world Communist strategy, plus a fire-eating "appeal to the workers of the world," would be published by all of the participating parties.

Once these documents had been worked out and the three-week silence enveloping the meeting had been broken, official Russia swung about and launched a major domestic propaganda campaign to publicize the work of the conference—and to assure the believers that the Communist bloc had never been more unified or more prepared to take on the "imperialists."

Pravda led off the campaign on December 1 by front-paging the summit's first communiqué. Sharing the propaganda spotlight was a kind of post-office portrait of 188 Communist leaders. Unsurprisingly, Premier Khrushchev sat in the middle of the first row. Also unsurprisingly, Liu Shao-chi sat at his left. This was not only a show of solidarity; it was an unprecedented show of confidence in the future of world Communism. The Marxist underground from many nations had emerged from conspiratorial semi-secrecy into the bright glare of publicity.

During the next few days, Soviet newspapers banner-headlined the manifesto and the appeal. Weeklies editorialized ecstatically about the "unity" of the Rusisan and Chinese Communist Parties. The State Publishing House published a slim brochure containing the three public documents produced by the summit.



Pravda reached the permissible limits of poetic and political license when it commented one chilly morning: "The friendship between the peoples and the Parties of China and the Soviet Union is as firm and indestructible as the Himalayas, as deep as the Pacific, and as vast as the Yangtse and the Volga."

A Toast to Friends

The campaign was dramatized at the highest levels. Soviet leaders who a week before had scoffed at "rumors" of a Communist summit now could talk of nothing but the *splachonost* (solidarity) demonstrated by that summit. Russia's President L. I. Brezhnev and China's President Liu Shao-chi took a carefully planned trip to Leningrad and Minsk, where the spare Chinese leader "met the people." He told them what they wanted to hear—and what he and Brezhnev wanted them to hear. The Chinese president, a passionate Communist, pledged his nation to rally round the Khrushchev flag of peaceful coexistence; he said that China "had never believed" that revolutions could be exported. But he added several qualifications—all of which appeared in the manifesto—emphasizing Peking's deep conviction that war can be avoided *if* the imperialists do not "raise their fists against the people's peaceful pursuits." If they do, Liu warned, "the people will bury them."

Liu repeated this qualification at a huge Soviet-Chinese "friendship rally" at Moscow's Lenin Stadium on December 7; that evening, at the Kremlin, the shy Chinese spokesman smiled and kissed Brezhnev on the cheek. "Russian-Chinese friendship," he whispered, "is inviolable, eternal, indestructible, and [he must have seen *Pravda*] firm as the Himalayas." The Russians cheered. Anastas Mikoyan raised his champagne glass; the glittering Kremlin hall fell silent. "You are probably wondering why such a great believer in Russian-Chinese friendship as Nikita Sergeyevich is not here. He is on very bad terms with the flu. And although his will is strong and he would come anyway, his doctors are stronger. But he told me to raise a toast to his friends Liu and Mao Tse-tung, and to the eternal inviolability of the Russian-Chinese alliance." Mikoyan drained his glass; everyone followed his example.

The following morning, Liu departed for Peking. Brezhnev dotted the "i's" of this reaffirmation of "friendship" by escorting Liu as far as Irkutsk in Siberia. From there to Peking, Liu had no Slavs around him.

But now, even after the leading actors have left the stage, the campaign goes on. From Irkutsk to Leningrad, from Odessa to Vladivostok, the theme of "indestructible friendship" is trumpeted by every organ of Soviet propaganda.

Last summer, curious *Pravda* readers could find the bare statistics about China's steel production and grain harvests. Now, *Pravda* and *Izvestia* publish many stories about China's internal development; they report in detail Mao Tse-tung's visits to small villages, and diplomatic receptions in Peking. The Soviet radio has found more time for Chinese cultural programs; almost any evening the listener can hear a special concert of Chinese "village music." And corner kiosks have more space for colorfully illustrated Chinese

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magazines, such as *Kitai* ("China") and *Druzhba* ("Friendship").

The Propaganda Machine

Behind all this activity, co-ordinating the entire campaign, is Agitprop. Agitprop, which is Kremlinese for the Department of Agitation and Propaganda of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, is a well-heeled, highly interlaced operation, using all the media of communication and every social, economic, and educational institution, as well as the established framework of the Communist Party, to inform the people of the latest emphasis in the Kremlin line. It is an operation that has always been as cherished by the Soviet state as it has been inescapable by the Russian people.

The key men in the operation are the thousands of agitators and propagandists, who work through 315,000 "primary units"—the factories, the farms, the schools, the offices. Their job is a basic one: to translate the esoteric language of ideological debate into the simplest possible terms for the 215,000,000 inhabitants of the Soviet Union. Ever since the publication of the manifesto and the appeal, they have been engaged in a nation-wide face-to-face campaign, selling the basic propaganda points contained in these documents.

The first theme—"indissoluble Russian-Chinese friendship"—is not difficult for the Russian people to accept. After forty-three years of Communist rule, they naturally drift toward the cliché that although the capitalist nations can quarrel the socialist nations cannot.

The second basic point—that the Soviet Union stands for peace—is one of the most appealing themes to the average Russian. For he knows the heavy price of war. He has seen his country scarred by bombs and pockmarked by shells, and he has come to believe that *his* government would never start a war. How could it? Didn't Lenin proclaim that peace is sacred? Hasn't Khrushchev battled for peaceful coexistence? As soon as Senator Kennedy's election was assured, the propagandist emphasizes, Khrushchev sent him a cable expressing the hope that Russian-American relations could return to the "Roosevelt track." Isn't this clear proof that Khrushchev consistently fights for peace?

"Of course!" the propagandist replies. "Only the imperialists, led by the United States, want war."

THIS is the third message of the manifesto—and the most difficult to convey to the Russian people, who have always felt the warmest sympathy for the Americans. Still, the propagandist's job is to convince the people of this fundamentalist Marxist view. If the climate has chilled in the past year, it is because the imperialists are again on the warpath. Soviet policy has not changed, the propagandist assures his listeners. The imperialists cannot be trusted; as the manifesto states, their nature has not changed. They are still aggressive, colonialist, expansionist. They even slip agents, disguised as innocent tourists, into Russia.

"Vigilance!" the propagandist warns, echoing an old Peking word. "Vigilance!" Tourists cannot be permitted to take pictures of "military objects" while feigning an interest in the Bolshoi Theatre. They may not chat with Soviet citizens if their real intent is to corrupt them to the notorious American way of life.

"Watch it! Vigilance!" This note of caution and suspicion has dominated Soviet internal propaganda since the U-2 incident. Now the hard anti-western line has been reaffirmed by the Communist summit.

These are the lessons of the manifesto, driven home by every available means—in the speeches of Soviet leaders, in the press, on the radio, on the bookstands—and in the stepped-up activity of the propagandist. Like the mailman, he makes his appointed rounds, bringing his message to the people at their work, at their social clubs, in their homes: Russian-Chinese friendship has never been stronger; the Communist world has never been more united; and it must be united, for the imperialists, who are fighting their last-gasp stand against extinction, have never been more aggressive.

GRANDFATHER FROST AT DETSKI MIR

Every now and then, a single phrase comes through the usual Moscow hubbub of street noise and innocent chatter that in isolation reveals more about the difference between Russian and American society than all the tomes published by the universities and all the copy produced by the Soviet experts. Such a phrase was heard just the other day.

The setting was Detski Mir, the Children's World, a large department store in downtown Moscow where youngsters are brought to shop and look at New Year's presents (officially, there is no Christmas in Russia) and at Grandfather Frost, a bulky, bearded man with a jolly face and a nose as red as his costume—the traditional Russian equivalent of Santa Claus.

It is a large store, and on Sundays it is packed with eager and excited children dressed in their pastel best and escorted by dutiful parents dressed in their everyday black, brown, or blue.

There are plenty of toys to buy. Naturally the children are not satisfied with one toy, and parents are hard pressed to resist their pressure to buy another. Prices have been lowered—ostensibly for the New Year holiday season; actually, to move the stock a bit faster. This technique works here as it does anywhere else; the only difference is that here sales frequently come before the holiday, not after.

In the center of the store stands a thirty-foot-tall Christmas tree, with bright decorations and flashing lights. Although it's called a New Year's tree, it looks the same and is decorated the same as ours. The red figure of Grandfather Frost stands at its toy-bedecked foot. He is surrounded by happy children who tell him what they want, and he hints about what they might get. His voice booms out over the noisy crowd.

"Children," he says, "this is the joyous season, the season for presents and fir trees, the time when families come together to give thanks—to the Soviet government, which stands for peace and urges all of you to struggle for Communism."

The children applaud; so do the parents. The phrase has been heard. The difference is clear. —M.L.K.

(From a broadcast on CBS Radio)

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A Short Story

Night of Numbers

ITALO CALVINO

THE DARK OF NIGHT threads its way through streets and avenues, weaving blackness around the leaves of trees. It dots with sparks the streetcar wires overhead. Under street lamps, punctually switched on, it unfolds fuzzy cones of light. Nightfall enhances the holiday look of shopwindows along the streets and, higher up, the sense of warm seclusion behind apartment windows with blinds drawn. But between these, along the rows of lower floors, big rectangles of unscreened light bare the mysteries of the city's many business offices.

The workday is ending. From rows of typewriters, rows of secretaries pull out last pages, separate them from worn sheets of carbon paper. On office managers' desks they drop off folders of correspondence awaiting signature. They cover typewriters, head for coats, crowd in front of time clocks. Quickly, buildings are deserted.

Now the windows reveal a succession of empty rooms steeped in a white glare. Fluorescent lights seek out their reflections on slick, bare desk tops; on walls sectioned into panels of bright colors; on pieces of office equipment which, stilled from doggedly pounding out their automatic thought processes, now sleep standing up, like horses.

Then suddenly this setting, so geometric and stagelike, quickens with the brisk entrance of middle-aged women, their hair done up or bound in kerchiefs, wearing flowered smocks of green and scarlet. Their skirts, rather short, show up swollen legs in woolen stockings and feet in rag slippers. The workaday world of accounting gives birth at night to witches. Brandishing broomsticks, they swoop down over all those glossy surfaces to pursue their occult rites.

At one of the windows, a small boy's freckled face and shock of black hair. He appears, disappears, reappears at the next window, the next and the next after that, like a blowfish in an aquarium tank. Then he pauses at a window corner and, with a sudden rattle, unrolls the blinds. A luminous, watery rectangle disappears. One by one, windows fall to darkness and the last image from each, a dreamy fishlike gape on that little face.

"Paolino! You finished with the blinds?"

MORNINGS, Paolino must get up early for school. But even so, his mother takes him along every evening to help out and learn what it means to work. This is the time when a small cloud of drowsiness starts to oppress his eyelids. Entering from streets already dark, he is dazed by those empty rooms, so bright with light. Even the lamps have been left on: long goosenecks bend their green shades toward lustrous desk tops. To soften their glare, Paolino flicks off each one as he passes.

"What're you up to? No time for games! Come, give me a hand. Finished with the blinds yet?"

With one quick yank Paolino rolls down each remaining blind, banishing the darkness outdoors, the haloed street lights, the softened glow of distant windows, till no other world is left him but this box of light. Each clatter of a blind seems to rouse Paolino from his drowsiness, but it is like a sleep in which you dream of waking, only to fall into another still deeper dream.

"Mamma, can I do the baskets?"

"Yes, fine. There's the sack. Go ahead."

He takes it and starts on a round of the offices to collect wastepaper. The sack is larger than he. Paolino lets it trail along the floor after him. To make these moments last as long as possible, he walks slowly. For Paolino they are the nicest of the whole evening. Large rooms open out to him filled with rows of calculating and classifying machines all of a kind, rooms of impressive-looking desks loaded down with telephones and intercoms and pushbuttons. He likes to wander there alone till he becomes one with that world of metal shapes, sharp edges, and right-angled turns. He forgets everything else. He especially likes not having to listen any longer to the chatter of his mother and Mrs. Dirce.

This is the difference between the two women: Mrs. Dirce is much taken with the notion of office cleaning for the Sbav Company; Paolino's mother doesn't much care what she cleans, whether an office, a kitchen, or the back room of a shop.

Mrs. Dirce knows the names of all the departments. "And now we're in Accounting, Mrs. Pensotti," she says to Paolino's mother.

"What on earth's that?" asks Mrs. Pensotti. She is a short, stout woman only recently arrived from the provinces.

Mrs. Dirce, in contrast, is lean and tall, and she puts on airs. She wears

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some kind of kimono over her dress. She has all the inside information on the firm. Paolino's mother stands and listens, her mouth hanging open. "Look how untidy Dr. Bertolonghi is. It doesn't seem possible!" she says. "With all this mess, I'll bet exports are off."

Paolino's mother tugs at her friend's sleeve. "Let things be, Mrs. Dirce. What's it matter to you? Don't you know? Desks that haven't been cleared off we're not supposed to touch. Just dust the telephone a little, that's all."

Mrs. Dirce likes to pry into papers. She picks up a letter and, because she is nearsighted, draws it up to her nose, saying, "Listen to this, will you? Three hundred thousand dollars, it says here. Do you have any idea how many lire that comes to, Mrs. Pensotti?"

To Paolino, both women strike a jarring note in the quiet of these businesslike surroundings. Mrs. Dirce is ill-humored, and ridiculous as well. Dusting intercom buzzers and drawer handles, she parks herself behind a big desk and there, though she is only rubbing with a rag, takes on the look of an executive pushing through a big deal. His mother, still the same peasant woman she has always been, cleans calculating machines as if she were grooming livestock in a stable.

THE FURTHER Paolino gets from them, moving deeper into the deserted offices, the further his eyes, pinched with sleep, see the unrelieved rectilinear perspective stretch out ahead. He likes to think of himself as an ant, a tiny creature scuttling across a barren land of smooth linoleum between sheer precipices gouged out of lucent mountains under a flat white sky. Then terror grips him. To take heart, he starts tracking down signs of human life, signs always at odds and out of keeping with their setting. Under a glass-top table, a photograph—probably belonging to one of the girls working there—of Marlon Brando. Another, on her window sill, keeps a bowl of narcissus bulbs. In one basket, a tabloid. In another, a sheet of tablet paper covered with doodles. A typist's chair gives off a scent of violet. Tiny tinfoil plates, the kind that hold chocolates with liqueur centers, lie in an ashtray. It is enough. Holding fast to such details dispels the terror of that geometric void. But in a way Paolino is ashamed of his cowardice, for what awakens the terror in him is the very thing he desires and wants to make all his own.

He enters another room, full of machines now still. But one time he did see them in operation, a continuous buzz and flutter of perforated sheets like the sheathed wings of beetles. A man in a doctor's kind of white coat, there to run the machines, stopped to talk. "The day isn't far off when these offices will run themselves automatically," he told Paolino. "Won't need anyone, not even me."

Paolino ran quickly to Mrs. Dirce. "You know what those machines make?" he asked, hoping to trip her up. The man in the white coat had just finished explaining to him that they don't make anything at all: they direct and control the company's business electronically; they know everything that has happened and is going to happen.

"*Those* machines?" said Mrs. Dirce. "They're no use at all, not even to catch mice with. Want to hear a good one? Commendatore Pistagna made the company buy them. Guess why? Because the man who sells them is his brother-in-law. Take my word . . ."

Paolino just shrugged. It was obvious all over again that she didn't understand a thing. She didn't know that those machines could tell the past and the future, that some day by themselves they would run the offices, leaving them always as deserted as they usually are overnight. And now, dragging the sack full of wastepaper after him, Paolino tries to imagine what they would be like, tries to envelop himself in the idea, getting away as far as possible from his mother and Mrs. Dirce. But something stops him. A feeling of intrusion. What can it be?

ENTERING an office to empty a basket, he hears a cry of surprise. A man and a woman, putting in overtime, first see a bristled mop, like a porcupine, peek in the doorway, and then a youngster in a striped red-and-green jersey pulling a big sack behind him. With a sense of pain, Paolino understands that here he himself is the intruder.

The two employees, both young, seem very much at home in this setting. She is a redhead and wears glasses. His hair is slick with brilliantine. He calls out figures, she types them. Paolino stops to observe them both. The man, in dictating, feels the need to pace up and down, but his movement amid so many desks is labyrinthine, all right angles. He turns, approaches her, turns away again. Numbers fall like hailstones. Keys, pressed, activate hammers. The man nervously fingers a desk calendar, trays to hold paper, the backs of chairs. Everything that he touches is metal.

AT ONE POINT, the woman makes a mistake and pauses to erase it against the platen. For a moment the atmosphere takes on a calmer, almost tender tone. He repeats the number softly, resting a hand on the back of her chair. She bends back just enough to brush against it, and their glances, losing the rigidity of intense concentration, fall to rest a short while on each other. But the erasing is soon over with. Once again she starts to drum her fingers against the keyboard, and he to fire figures. They are separate and apart: all is back as it was before.

Paolino has a job to do. To put up a brave front, he begins whistling. They break off, look at him. Paolino points to the basket. "Go right ahead," says the man. Paolino approaches. His lips are still puckered, but no whistling comes out. While Paolino goes for the basket, the two enjoy a brief unintended respite. They move closer; hands touch, and eyes, instead of darting back and forth, meet, trying not to smile. With slow care, Paolino holds open the mouth of the sack as he picks up the basket. Awkwardly, he overturns it, slapping the bottom to make sure all the paper falls out. The two employees have already gone back to work with a vengeance, he giving rapid-fire dictation and she hunching over the typewriter with her red hair covering her face.

"Paolino! Paolino! Come hold the ladder!"

His mother is cleaning windows. Paolino goes to steady the stepladder for her. Mrs. Dirce, working her sponge mop back and forth over the

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floor, thinks it funny there are no doormats. "A company big as this, what would it set them back to throw down a couple of mats and keep people from tracking in with their muddy shoes? Fat chance! They've got us to break our backs for them, and us to blame if the floors aren't always spick-and-span."

"Well, Saturday we'll be waxing them, Mrs. Dirce, and you'll see how nice they'll come out," says Mrs. Pensotti.

"Oh, mind you, I'm not taking it out on Cavaliere Uggero. Commendatore Pistagna's the one, and between you and me . . ."

Paolino doesn't bother to listen. He is still thinking of the young couple back there. Men and women putting in overtime together after supper have a strange kind of air about them, as if they were undergoing some extraordinary ordeal. They do their work, of course, but they bring to it an element of intrigue, of furtiveness. Paolino can't put it into words, but something he caught in the eyes of those two . . . He wants to go back and see more.

"Hold the ladder! You asleep down there? Want to make me fall?"

Paolino starts studying the graphs hanging on the walls: up, down, up again, up some more, then down a little and up again. What are they supposed to be? Maybe they're meant to be whistled: a note that goes higher higher, then one low down, then another high one that lasts. He tries to whistle the pattern of one graph, a second and a third. It makes a nice little tune. "What's all the whistling, you little idiot?" shouts his mother. "Want a slap?"

Now Paolino goes with a dustpan to empty all the ashtrays. He heads for the office where the couple were. The typewriter no longer clicks. Can they have gone? Paolino peeks in. The woman is standing. Toward the slick-haired man she stretches out a hand, curved like a claw, with pointed, lacquered nails. He reaches out as if to take her by the throat. Paolino starts to whistle. It turns out to be the same tune he made up a while back. They seek to regain composure. "Oh, you again." With coats already on, they stand showing each other papers involved in the next day's work. "The ashtray . . . ," Paolino manages to say. But they pay no attention. They replace the papers and leave. Further down the hall, he takes her arm in his.

Paolino is sorry to see them go. Now there's really no one left; all he can hear is the buzz of the polisher and his mother's voice. He crosses a conference room with a mahogany table so shiny he can see himself in it and, all around it, leather easy chairs. He would like to take a running start and leap like a fish over the table surface, skimming across from one end to the other, there to sink into the depths of an easy chair and fall asleep. Instead, he settles for sliding a finger along it and, seeing a moist trail like the wake of a ship, rubs it out with an elbow of his jersey.

THE LARGE accounting department is broken up by many small partitions. Somewhere toward the back, Paolino hears sounds of clicking. There must be someone else working late. He goes from one cubicle to another, but it is like moving through a maze of identical passages where the clicking always seems to come from somewhere else. Finally, in the last cubicle he discovers, bending over an old adding machine, an emaciated bookkeeper wearing a pullover and a green celluloid eyeshade across the bald middle of his oblong head. To hit the keys, he raises his elbows the way a bird flutters its wings. He really does resemble a big bird roosting there, with that eyeshade just like a beak. Paolino moves to empty the ashtray, but at the same instant the bookkeeper, who is smoking, lays his cigarette on the rim.

"Hello there," he says.

"Good evening," Paolino answers.

"What are you doing up at this hour?" He has a long white face and parched skin that seems to have never known the sun.

"Emptying ashtrays."

"Children should be asleep this time of night."

"I'm with my mother. We do the cleaning here. This is the time we get started."

"How late do you stay?"

"Ten-thirty, eleven. Sometimes we put in extra hours. In the morning."

"Overtime in the morning! With us, it's just the opposite."

"Well, that's only once or twice a week, when the floors have to be waxed."

"With me, on the other hand, it's overtime all the time. I'll never finish up."

"Finish up what?"

"Checking the company's figures."

"Don't they come out right?"

"Never."

Intently, grasping the lever of the adding machine, he stares at the narrow strip of paper that unrolls to the floor. He seems to be waiting for something from that row of numbers, which rises out of the cylinder the way the smoke rises from the cigarette held tightly between his lips: straight up past his right eye, the smoke reaches his eyeshade, swerves, then rises again as high as the light bulb, under whose shade it gathers in a cloud.

Paolino is thinking, "I guess I'd better tell him all about it." So he says, "Excuse me, but don't you have those electronic brains here, the ones that can figure things out all by themselves?"

The man's eye, irritated by the smoke, starts to wink. "They're all wrong," he says.

Paolino lays aside his rag and dustpan, leans forward on the bookkeeper's desk. "Those machines? All wrong?"

THE MAN shakes head and eyeshade. "No, it goes back before that. It was all wrong from the start." He gets up. His pullover is too short and his shirt puffs out all around his middle. Taking his jacket off the back of the chair and putting it on, he says, "Come with me."

They walk through cubicle after cubicle. The bookkeeper has a long stride and Paolino is forced to canter along behind. They hurry down the length of the corridor, at the far end of which is a curtain. The bookkeeper lifts it and Paolino sees a spiral staircase descending into darkness. But the bookkeeper knows where to find a switch that turns on a faint light down below. And down they go into the company's basement. There they come to a small padlocked door. The bookkeeper has a key to open it. There can't be any electrical wiring inside because the bookkeeper strikes a match and, with a knowing touch, finds a candle and lights it. Paolino can't make

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things out too clearly, but he is aware of being hemmed in on all sides of a cell-like room by piles upon piles of old ledgers, account books, and musty records. It is probably these that are giving off an aroma of mold.

"These are all of the company's inactive files," says the bookkeeper, "accumulated during its hundred years of existence." He hoists himself up to a high stool and on a slant-top desk opens out a book, long and narrow. "See here? This is the hand of Hannibal De Canis, the first bookkeeper this company ever had, and the most conscientious that ever was. Look how he kept these records."

Paolino glances at columns of figures in a rounded, elegant hand embellished with curlicues.

"To you alone I show these things; other people wouldn't understand. And yet, it's important for somebody to see it. I'm getting on in years. . . ."

"Yes, sir," Paolino puts in, barely above a whisper.

"There has never been a bookkeeper the like of Hannibal De Canis." He lifts the candle above a pile of account books and, next to an old abacus with some of its rods disjointed, illuminates the photograph of a gentleman in a Vandyke striking a pose with a hunting dog at his side. "And yet this infallible man, this genius . . . Look here, dated the sixteenth of November, 1884. . . ." He leafs through, looking for a dried-out quill pen he left as marker. "Here, an error. The commonest kind of error—410 lire off in addition." At the bottom of the page, the error is circled with a correction mark in red pencil. "No one's ever caught it. I'm the only one who knows. And you are the first living soul I'm telling it to. Keep it to yourself and never forget it! And even if you do go spreading it around, you're just a boy. No one will believe you. But you know it now . . . that everything is wrong. Through all these years, you know how big that mistake of 410 lire has become? Millions upon millions! They run at quite a clip, all those calculators, electronic brains, and the rest. But at the root, at the very root of all their computations, there is an error. And it grows and grows."

They have relocked the room and climbed up the spiral stairs, and are now walking back down the corridor. "The company's grown big, one of the biggest, with thousands of stockholders, hundreds of subsidiaries, no end of overseas representatives. And all of them grind out incorrect figures. There isn't a grain of truth in all their computations. Half a city is built on these mistakes. What am I saying? Half a city? . . . Half a nation! And what about the export-import trade? All wrong, all mistaken! The whole world is burdened down with this error, the only error committed in his entire lifetime by that master of bookkeeping, that giant in the field of accounting, that genius!"

The old man has gone to the clothes rack and put on his coat. Without his green eyeshade, for a few seconds his face looks even more downcast, more washed out; then it returns to shadow under the brim of his hat slouched down over his eyes. "And you know what I think?" he says in a low voice, bending closer to Paolino. "I think he did it on purpose!"

The old bookkeeper straightens up, shoves his hands into his pockets. "We've never seen each other," he says through his teeth. "I don't know you, you don't know me."

He turns and starts on his way out. His way of walking attempts to convey dignity, but actually comes out looking a little unsteady. He is singing to himself, *"La donna è mobile. . . ."*

A TELEPHONE rings. "Hello? Hello?" Paolino runs in the direction of Mrs. Dirce's voice. "Yes, yes, this is the Sbav Company. How's that again? Brazil?—Imagine, calling all the way from Brazil!—Yes, but what is it you want? I don't understand.—They're talking Brazilian, Mrs. Pensotti. Want to listen?"

It must have been a customer from halfway round the world who had gotten the time differences mixed up and was calling at this late hour. Paolino's mother grabs the receiver out of Mrs. Dirce's hand. "There's no one here. *No one here,* understand?" She shouts into it. "Better call again *tomorrow.* There's only *us* . . . the ones who do the cleaning up, understand. . . ? *the ones . . . who do . . . the cleaning up. . . !*"

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The Vanishing Americans

ELAINE KENDALL

THERE are times when the gap between science fiction and sober fact closes with so sudden a snap that it's disconcerting. Our eating habits are a case in point. America used to mean apple pie and hamburgers, steak, hot dogs, and fried chicken. Admittedly, this is not a list to gladden the heart of an Escoffier, but at least it's food. Compared to Metrecal, Cal-A-Day, Kor-Val, and Albacal, it's sumptuous. These twenty-first-century words are canned formula diets—perhaps the most significant gastronomical event since Eve ate the apple.

One of the provocative facts about the formulas is that most are neither manufactured nor marketed by food companies. You buy them at drugstores, department stores, and discount houses. Each can contains powdered skimmed milk, soya flour, sugar, starch, corn oil, coconut oil, yeast, flavoring, and vitamins. One of these a day constitutes the most depressing bill of fare to be found west of Peking, yet we are standing in line to buy it at prices ranging from seventy-six cents (utility?) to $1.29 (prime grade?). Mead Johnson, the pioneer drug company in the field, estimates that a third of its business in 1960 will be in Metrecal—an impressive twenty-five to thirty million dollars' worth.

A day's menu that consists of cold cereal, instant coffee, a frozen hero sandwich, and stew in a boilable plastic bag can't compare with a shakerful of nutritional powder for ease of preparation. Twenty-four hours' worth of formula contains nine hundred calories and one-sixth of the amount of salt in a normal diet. *Cordon bleu* cooks can beat it up with water in a food mixer (thirty seconds), and ex-TV dinner types can buy it ready mixed (zero seconds). There is a choice of chocolate, vanilla, butterscotch, orange, or coffee.

On this skimpy fare people do lose weight. They also save time. Shopping is simplified, cooking is eliminated altogether, and one need not even set the table. Obviously, these preparations would constitute the ideal menu for a crew of astronauts—no utensils, no unnecessary use of fuel, no personality clashes over what to have for lunch, and no danger of the personnel outgrowing the space ship. The idea that anyone *not* in that exacting profession would voluntarily agree to live on the formulas would be fantastic anywhere but here, any time but now.

EVERY DIET FAD that has preceded these powders, no matter how bizarre, consisted of food. Over the years we've had a milk and banana régime, a Stone Age meat diet, diets consisting variously and solely of grapes, raw eggs, rice, cottage cheese, black coffee, and lettuce. There was a gourmets' plan that leaned heavily on mushrooms broiled in white wine, and a drinkers' diet that substituted Scotch for all other carbohydrates. There have been Clinic and Foundation diets, like the Rockefeller, Mayo, and Du Pont programs. (The Rockefeller diet of 1955 was, in fact, a noncommercial version of Metrecal.) There have been as many temporal (and temporary) diets as there are numbers—two-day, five-day, seven-day, and nine-day crash programs. Magazines offered diets the way newspapers used to offer puzzle contests—a new one every issue, complete with pictures of the losers, who were, of course, the winners. Circulation boomed. There were way-out paradoxical diets, like the high-fat idea, and the ice-cream binge tried by a Hollywood starlet. All these fads flourished despite the tense small voices of physiologists crying out that the only permanent way to lose weight is to eat less, forever and ever.

Of all the diet literature in hard covers and soft, my own favorite was a brace of articles in *Coronet*, both written by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin. The first article explained how to lose four pounds in five days, the second how to lose five pounds in six days—on rice. Here are the celebrity, the time factor, and the solo food—a winning combination if ever there was one. Perhaps it is not possible to lose a hundred pounds in 101 days, but even with a leveling-off point there's still a lot of mileage in the idea.

Certain magazines are much more hospitable to diet news than others. Without actually weighing the readerships, it would be difficult to discover why *Look, Coronet,* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* print everything that's going on about weight reduction, while *Life* and the *Saturday Evening Post* ignore the field almost entirely. Where *Harper's, Atlantic,* and the *American Scholar* selflessly devote considerable space to the plight of hungry people in other parts of the world, *Holiday* and *Esquire* specialize in telling people where they can get delicious and fattening things to eat. (These places usually turn out to be somewhere outside the continental limits of the United States.) For several years now, the *Ladies' Home Journal* has been running reducing sagas as a regular feature. The amounts lost are truly staggering: 125 pounds, 101 pounds, and in March, 1956, an incredible 450 pounds. These figures are both gross and net. However, several members of the same family contributed to this last success story. The supply of subjects for such studies must be rather limited, because one woman was done twice. She gained back what she had lost, called the *Journal,* and they had another go. Readers probably clamor for the return of their favorites.

IN APRIL of 1955, *Parents' Magazine* assisted in the loss of 790 pounds, surely a one-issue record. By *Journal* standards, this was not really sporting, since the people concerned were not blood kin. This elephantine project may have been the impetus behind a movement called TOPS (Take Off Pounds Sensibly), which is a sort of AA for the overweight. As of last August 1, twenty-five thousand members had lost a hundred tons of fat, the equivalent in poundage of a DC-3, give or take a few seat belts. Members of TOPS can phone each other in the middle of the night when they can't keep their hands off the refrig-

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erator. Sometimes a telephone conversation is enough, but the members will come and sit with really desperate cases.

Reducing is fast becoming America's favorite pastime, and our most expensive one. A recent Gallup poll showed that one out of every three adults in the country plans to get thinner by one means or another. That's millions more people than ever see a baseball game, and more than play golf, tennis, football, or Ping-pong put together. Where are we playing the new games? We play during lunch hour at Vic Tanny's, in Slenderella salons (170 of them at last count), at Figurama, and at hundreds of similar establishments. Equipment consists of tables that vibrate, pulsate, and jostle the sportsman. There is a bicycle that cleverly simulates the agony of the Tour de France without moving forward an inch.

Synthetic exercise goes with synthetic food—a natural corollary of an unnatural state of affairs. After all, who could manage three sets of tennis on a glass of Calanil? There are quivering couches for home use that reproduce the motion of the Hudson Tubes, for those lucky enough to afford them. Best of all is an ingenious machine called the Relax-A-cizor. This works on the same principle as the electric chair. The voltage employed is less, but that's the only technically significant difference. The Relax-A-cizor is about the size of a portable radio and comes with an assortment of rubber straps, pads, and belts. The subject to be relaxicized wets the pads, straps them to strategic points on his body, inserts the electrodes, and flips on the switch. If he has followed the instructions to the letter, his muscles will begin to behave exactly as if he had *tic douloureux* everywhere. Sales of this machine, in four models, are in the hundreds of thousands—at from $198 to $325.

LAST SUMMER the newspapers were briefly enlivened by the accounts of the Regimen fraud. Regimen was (and still is) one of the most popular of the proprietary reducing aids. It shares crowded drugstore counter space with reducing gums, candies, and even a cigarette called Slims. Profits mount and the manufacturers grow fatter than their customers.

While there is no public as loyal as an overweight public, there is no public as mercurial. Intimidated by insurance statistics, threatened by cholesterol, and tantalized by fashion photography, the overweight constitute a new and glorious challenge to the advertiser. After all, have they not their own press, a national organization, and hundreds of training grounds? The challenge has been met magnificently. A nonproduct has been created to fill the gap that might have been left by nonpurchase of existing products.

Moscow Makes the Scene

WALTER Z. LAQUEUR

PYNATNITSKI STREET, near the Kremlin but on the south side of the Moskva River, has heretofore been known to literary historians, if at all, only because Tolstoy lived there for some time after his return from the Crimean War. A few weeks ago, however, some thirty or forty earnest young experts on western literature and specialists in international relations gathered there to ponder the social roots, ideological aspirations, literary significance, and political consequences of America's Beat Generation.

The subject of the meeting was especially surprising in view of the fact that a major campaign has been going on throughout the Soviet Union for many months against idlers, self-seekers, spongers, and parasites (the Russian language is wonderfully rich in these epithets, and many were were used). The general slogan of this campaign has been "He who does not work should not eat," and most of the cases singled out for publicity concern young people who not only abstained from work but made it a matter of moral principle.

Despite these strictures, the literary experts who assembled in Pynatnitski Street did not roundly abuse America's Beatniks but even discovered a "progressive" kernel in their thoughts and actions. They might be ideologically backward, but they were at least not representatives of monopoly capitalism.

One of the experts, D. Zhukov, who seems to have made the most exhaustive study of the Beats that has ever been undertaken east of Greenwich Village, found many redeeming features in their behavior. Jack Kerouac's Dharma Bums were certainly tramps, but so were the heroes of Jack London and O. Henry; this has been a recurrent theme in all progressive American literature. They were rebels without a cause, but it was still a revolt against conformism, against the American way of life. Commenting on Allen Ginsberg's "Howl" ("a talented poem"), D. Urnov said that it "went off like a bomb and was heard all over America." As a matter of fact, some of the excerpts heard on Pynatnitski Street were somewhat bowdlerized. "Moloch whose mind is pure machinery" becomes "Moloch whose mind is a dead scheme." Ginsberg's anti-industrialism would not have gone down well in Moscow. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Zhukov reported, has written a number of poems directed against the nightmare of an atomic war; Gregory Corso devotes his poetry to unmasking the hypocrisy of bourgeois morals.

THERE WERE *some differences of* opinion as to the number of Beatniks in America. According to G. Zlobin there are only about 100,000, but Zhukov, calling on Norman Mailer as a witness for the defense, announced that millions of Americans shared the mood of the Beatniks without even knowing it. But then, G. Zlobin was apparently not so much interested in the literary aspects of the crisis of Young America as in the political aspects, particularly as set forth in the resolutions of the Seventeenth Congress of the American Communist Party. Most of the literary critics, less down to earth, were more interested in Jack Kerouac and his friends, despite the fact that he has now become (as a Miss Levidova put it) the emis-

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RICHARD II, ACTS 1, 2 & 3

January 17 and 22
RICHARD II, ACTS 3, 4 & 5

January 24 and 29
HENRY IV, PART I, ACTS 1 & 2

January 31 and February 5
HENRY IV, PART I, ACTS 3, 4 & 5

February 7 and 12
HENRY IV, PART II, ACTS 1 & 2

February 14 and 19
HENRY IV, PART II, ACTS 3, 4 & 5

February 21 and 26
HENRY V, ACTS 1, 2 & 3

February 28 and March 5
HENRY V, ACTS 4 & 5

March 7 and 12
HENRY VI, PART I

March 14 and 19
HENRY VI, PART II, ACTS 1, 2 & 3

March 21 and 26
HENRY VI, PART II, ACTS 3, 4 & 5

March 28 and April 2
HENRY VI, PART III, ACTS 1, 2 & 3

April 4 and 9
HENRY VI, PART III, ACTS 4 & 5

April 11 and 16
RICHARD III, ACTS 1, 2 & 3

April 18 and 23
RICHARD III, ACTS 3, 4 & 5

Washington D.C.

WTTG-TV

January 13 and 15
RICHARD II, ACTS 1, 2 & 3

January 20 and 22
RICHARD II, ACTS 3, 4 & 5

January 27 and 29
HENRY IV, PART I, ACTS 1 & 2

February 3 and 5
HENRY IV, PART I, ACTS 3, 4 & 5

February 10 and 12
HENRY IV, PART II, ACTS 1 & 2

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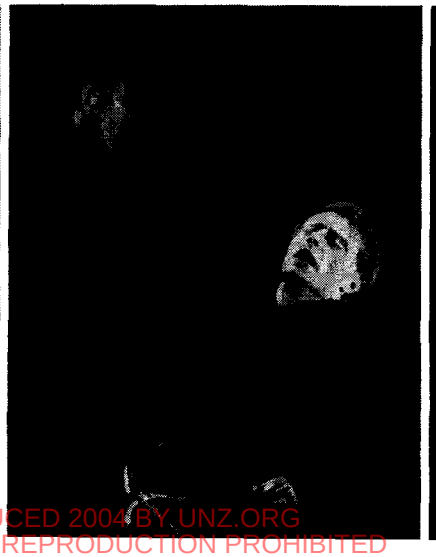

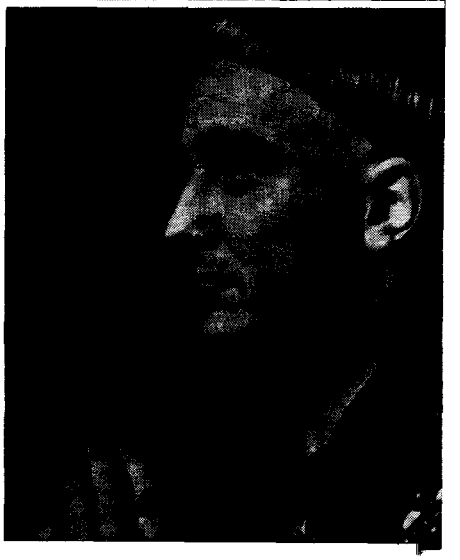

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sary of the Californian Beatniks in the New York literary salons.

Miss Levidova is the author of a long comparative study of Truman Capote, Jack Kerouac, and J. D. Salinger, whom for some reason or other she prefers to call "James." Salinger, she thinks, is nearest to the canons of "critical realism"—the highest praise that can be bestowed on a non-Soviet writer; Capote is farthest away, Kerouac somewhere in between. Since an analysis of their social origin and class character is obligatory in Soviet literary criticism, these writers' heroes are identified as Bohemians—with roots both in the intelligentsia and the *Lumpenproletariat*. The reader, however, is warned not to jump to wrong conclusions: the heroes do not suffer the torments of hunger, cold, or unemployment—only frustration and spiritual emptiness.

Despite all her reservations, Miss Levidova obviously liked the Beatniks very much. She defended them against an American Communist critic who had compared them to the samurai, likening their form of protest with performing hara-kiri on their enemy's doorstep. No, the Beatniks do not end up by committing suicide; they very loudly demand their place in the world. Kerouac, at any rate, is a "great artist, endowed with great temperament, a fine gift of observation and a profound lyrical sense. How beneficial it would be for him, and for American literature in general, if he would grow up and forget about his childhood memories."

SOME PEOPLE in Moscow clearly expect a great deal from the Beat Generation and its revolutionary élan. Its nonconformism and its unrelenting opposition to everything official America stands for clearly outweigh, in Russian eyes, its less attractive features. The Beats may be unwashed and unshaven—which, of course, is *nyekulturni*—but are they not reminiscent of the young Gorky or the pre-revolutionary Russian students? They may be nihilists, but there is a strong nihilist tradition in Russian literature; it could well be that this makes them all the more fascinating to Russian observers, who firmly believe that the souls of most Beatniks can still be saved.

RECORD NOTES

JOHANN STRAUSS; DIE FLEDERMAUS. Hilde Gueden, Regina Resnik, *et al.*; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and State Opera Chorus, Herbert von Karajan, cond. (*London, 3 records; stereo.*)

The most ballyhooed aspect of this recording is the tangential participation of several high-priced singers not customarily associated with the music of Johann Strauss. Midway in Act II the festivities at Prince Orlovsky's palace are interrupted by a telephone call from Emperor Franz Josef. We learn that he cannot, alas, come to the party himself; but to keep Orlovsky's guests well amused, he has taken the liberty of sending over a bevy of singers from the Court Opera.

A succession of celebrated artists then appears on stage to do what does not come naturally. Renata Te-

baldi is heard in Lehár's "Vilia," Birgit Nilsson in "I Could Have Danced All Night," Jussi Bjoerling in "Dein ist mein ganzes Herz," and Giulietta Simionato and Ettore Bastianini in "Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better." There is a precedent for this kind of spoofery (the Metropolitan does it regularly on New Year's Eve), and it is great fun to enjoy once—or perhaps twice. I first heard it in the company of an Austrian countess, who was not amused; but those of us who hold Johann Strauss to be something less than sacred can find in this "gala entertainment" a source of innocent merriment. Once the novelty wears off, the interpolated section is easily bypassed.

The real merit of the new *Fledermaus*, however, is not its zany diversions but its bright re-creation of Strauss's sparkling score. Much of the credit goes to von Karajan, who maintains just the right balance between high polish and relaxed *Gemütlichkeit* (and who has the advantage of conducting an orchestra that plays Johann Strauss to perfection anyway). Moreover, his cast—with one exception—could not have been bettered. Hilde Gueden is a stylish, appealing Rosalinde, neither too arch nor too mannered; Waldemar Kmentt has the dash and charm requisite for Eisenstein; Giuseppe Zampieri is a genuinely Italian-sounding Alfred; and the American mezzo Regina Resnik contributes a delightfully world-weary characterization of the oh-so-bored Russian Prince Orlovsky. The one weak member is Erika Köth as Adele.

Garnishing this concentration of talent is the all-stops-out stereo production techniques for which London Records is now famous. There is abundant movement, though not to the point of distraction, and a full quota of stage effects—creaking locks, sputtering coffee machines, and the chattering hubbub of a tipsy party. The cumulative effect of the "effects" is one of dazzling animation. Perhaps most magical of all is the faint sound of an orchestra performing a waltz offstage in the garden of Orlovsky's palace while Eisenstein and Rosalinde play their scene together in the onstage ballroom.

Once again London Records has demonstrated—as previously with its much-acclaimed recording of *Das Rheingold*—that the stereo medium can unlock a new world of enchantment. The key is taste, imagination, and unremitting attention to detail.

CHOPIN: SONATA IN B FLAT MINOR, OP. 35. Michel Block, piano. (*Deutsche Grammophon; mono or stereo.*)

The world is full of well-known prize-winning pianists. Michel Block is a well-known prize-losing pianist. At the Sixth International Chopin Competition, held in Warsaw early this year, he placed tenth; yet Artur Rubinstein, one of the judges, was sufficiently impressed with Block's uncommon musicianship to award him a personal prize of a thousand dollars. This fall, at the annual Leventritt Competition finals, Block again failed to win, though he was the obvious favorite of the invited audience in Carnegie Hall.

Now we have the twenty-three-year-old pianist's first recording, made in Warsaw just after the Cho-

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pin Competition, and its first effect is to make one wonder about the sagacity of his juries. This is one of the most remarkable performances of the "Funeral March" Sonata on records. Unlike most of his contemporaries, Block does not try to emulate the gorgeous tone and leonine approach of the Rachmaninoff-Rubinstein school. He has a style of his own: spare, sharply contoured, discreetly colored, eminently contemporary. It compares to the standard bravura style as the United Nations Building to the Paris Opera House; and, like all musicmaking of well-defined viewpoint, it carries great conviction. Not since Columbia brought forth Glenn Gould's "Goldberg Variations" have we had so promising a debut on discs.

WAGNER: ORCHESTRAL EXCERPTS. Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond. (*Angel, 2 records; mono or stereo.*)

A freshet of Wagner in excerpted form has been pouring from the record companies this year, conducted by such experienced hands as Bruno Walter, Leopold Stokowski, and Fritz Reiner. All of it has been exemplary, but this two-record album under the direction of Otto Klemperer easily tops the lot. The familiar Klemperer qualities are present—rhythmic exacitude, marvelously controlled orchestral balances, a pervading sobriety and majesty of outlook—and they make as imposing a combination in Wagner as they do in Beethoven.

The selections begin with the *Rienzi* Overture and continue chronologically up to the "Funeral Music" from *Götterdämmerung*. This is far too much to take at one sitting, though doubtless some misguided souls with record changers will do just that and then wonder why music often seems to bore them. The *Meistersinger* Prelude is particularly good. At its climax there are four themes going at once, and Klemperer—aided by Angel's broadspread stereo sound—lets them all be heard in robust splendor. "High seriousness" is a phrase not much used in musical criticism today, but it describes perfectly what Wagner requires and what Klemperer supplies. When are we to have a complete opera under his leadership?

—ROLAND GELATT

BOOKS

The Kings and Their Magicians

WILLIAM LETWIN

THE SERVANTS OF POWER: A HISTORY OF THE USE OF SOCIAL SCIENCE IN AMERICAN INDUSTRY, by Loren Baritz. *Wesleyan University Press. $4.50.*

One of the blessings that the 1960's will apparently confer on us is the revival of certain choice clichés of the 1930's, introduced however as new ideas invented by a fresh and this time purely home-grown Left. In prewar liberalism, attacks on business took the form of the classic *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs*, by Arthur Kallet and F. J. Schlink, which revealed the unhappy news that breakfast cereals were bad for babies' intestines. Now the vogue is for works showing that businessmen influence the public not only by misleading advertising but, much worse, by inaudible messages and invisible writing. The villains of the piece are psychologists who have put their mystic arts at the service of business and made themselves, as the author of this latest broadsheet labels them, servants of power.

THE INDICTMENT handed down by Mr. Baritz is not very complicated. An increasing number of psychologists, sociologists, and other experts in human relations apply their intellectual efforts to solving the chief problems that managers face nowadays, which have to do mainly with human relations, that is, with getting along with their workers. These social scientists have not been conscience-stricken at the thought of helping the bosses; on the contrary, they have either gladly or thoughtlessly made recommendations for social organization of factory work of a sort that made the workers *like* their jobs or feel "identified" with their companies, reduced the intensity of their demands for wage increases, and in general—although Mr. Baritz never puts it in exactly these terms—weakened each worker's solidarity with the rest of the working class.

Mr. Baritz is suspicious, for instance, of the program of "personnel counseling" initiated by Elton Mayo and his associates for Western Electric. After it found that workers feel better if only they can voice their complaints to a representative of management, the company established a corps of counselors who did nothing but listen to complaints and help the employee think about his complaints more "constructively." Mr. Baritz, dubious, quotes a counselor who said, "one would have to be extremely naïve . . . to claim . . . that counseling does not drain off grievances that might otherwise find expression in other channels." Mr. Baritz adds the explanation: " 'Other channels' could be union channels." In other words, a pernicious management appeases the worker; the worker appeased ceases to be the worker militant; and as a result there is an insidious industrial peace.

This theme reappears throughout the book. After it was reported in 1935 that one-third of American workers were dissatisfied with their jobs, Mr. Baritz says, many industrial social scientists warned that "management had better learn what the worker wanted and take steps to see that he got it." But he detects a cloven hoof in the proposal. "The only alternative," he writes, "was to continue to ignore the attitude of employees and thereby possibly encourage the spread of unionism." Pity the poor manager who finds himself under Mr. Baritz's fire: if he ignores the desires of his workers, he is condemned as inhuman; if he learns what workers want and takes steps to see that they get it, he is condemned for discouraging "the spread of unionism."

The real force of this critique is directed not at the businessmen but at the sinful psychologists who fall in with their evil designs. Mr. Baritz, himself a professor of history, is

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deeply offended by this new form of treason of the intellectuals. The proper function of an intellectual, he maintains, is to criticize his society; once an intellectual so far accepts his society that he is willing to put himself at the disposal of its dominant leaders—nowadays business managers—he has betrayed his dedication to mind and morality and indeed to all the highest aspirations of mankind. At the beginning of the book, Mr. Baritz asks whether it is true that "any intellectual who accepts and approves of his society prostitutes his skills and is a traitor to his heritage"; and by the end he decides that it is true that "many industrial social scientists have been willing to serve power instead of mind"—a phrase that rings of "Mammon before God."

THIS ATTITUDE toward intellectuals is not only reminiscent of the 1930's but is also especially characteristic of the United States. Nobody will deny that an intellectual is someone who works with his mind and who is, moreover, dedicated to knowledge for its own sake rather than for an immediate practical result. Nobody will deny the distinction between a physiologist and a practicing physician, or between a historian who wants to understand the past and a so-called historian who digs out information about the past in order to write political pamphlets. But what is peculiar to Mr. Baritz, to the Left, and in some sense to all Americans is the idea that an intellectual loyal to his pursuit necessarily opposes his society. Montaigne, an intellectual if ever there was one, also managed to be a dedicated public servant, and thoroughly approved of his society while criticizing much in it. St.-John Perse, a distinguished poet, was a diplomat and secretary general of the French foreign ministry. Francis Bacon, though he served his political masters in an outrageously worldly manner, made some of the greater intellectual contributions to our tradition. The life of Thomas More shows that he surrendered none of his status as a speculative moralist when he accepted appointment as chancellor of England; and he represents a type that Europe has always regarded as its greatest glory.

But in America, often though not always, intellectuals have scorned businessmen and government officials, who have returned the compliment. Since the 1930's, however, the situation has been changing, and the leaders of business and government have been readier not merely to use technical experts but also to respect them as intellectuals. At the same time, intellectuals—or more specifically, university teachers—finding themselves invited to enter the halls of the great through the front door, have passed from a condition of flattered awe to the realization that businessmen are not, as a group, more evil or unapproachable than anyone else. They have found, on the contrary, that the code of "social consciousness" which had been built up by intellectuals of the Left is now matched by the piety of managers who gravely assume the "social responsibilities" of business. To say that American intellectuals and businessmen are altogether at ease with each other would be too strong, but a reconciliation has been taking place. It is this, in fact, that outrages the new Left. Business is of the devil; intellectuals should be pure; anyone who serves the interests of business sacrifices his purity and forfeits the status he has enjoyed as an intellectual.

MUCH OF THE PROBLEM centers on the question of whether expert advice can be disinterested. Mr. Baritz is persuaded that it cannot be. Whatever advice the social scientists may give, he maintains, is used by managers in the interest of profits: the social scientist in giving advice surrenders the power to exercise moral control over its use; and so although he may be called a consultant he is a mere tool. Leaving aside the assumption that profit motives absolutely dominate the behavior of executives, Baritz's position rests on a special view, now fairly widespread, about the moral responsibilities of the expert.

All our attitudes toward experts show the muddling effect of the atomic scientists' episode. A group of distinguished scientists put themselves at the service of the state; they created a weapon of destruction, and then found to their dismay that it was taken out of their hands and used by the politicians and military men. Was it immoral of them to have put their knowledge at the service of those who used it to kill? The question is infinitely complex.

But this is certain: knowledge is power, and power can be misused. It would be ridiculous to condemn Gutenberg and Marconi for the lies that their inventions have enabled other men to spread. An intellectual's dedication to knowledge obliges him to publish his findings, which means that he makes them available equally to those who do good and those who do evil. In the closer relationship between a practical man and his intellectual consultant, of course the intellectual should estimate the moral consequences of his help.

To return now to Baritz's psychologists: were they immoral in advising business managers? Mr. Baritz thinks they usually were, because he thinks that businessmen are engaged in the low pursuit of making money or in the absolutely immoral pursuit of making more money by depriving unions of members, depriving workers of extra pay, or—as he says they did during the 1930's—"forestalling the leftward movement of American political and intellectual life."

If one believes, however, that business firms are engaged in producing goods—which is not itself a bad thing—and that industrial psychologists give advice that enables businesses to produce goods more efficiently, then one must believe that the psychologists are acting in a reasonably decent way, even though their services are being "bought," i.e., paid for. If, moreover, psychologists give advice based on understanding that pleasant colors, soft music, palatable food, and tact in handing down commands all make workers more contented with their factories, then the fact that the workers also work more efficiently and thereby aid management is still compatible with the view that the psychologists are doing a commendable service.

THERE IS another ground, however, for Mr. Baritz's suspicions of the social scientists in industry, and this is that they have armed the managers with a process of manipulation. For instance, they have shown management how to use Rorschach tests

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and Thematic Apperception tests—by which workers unknowingly reveal damaging information about themselves, information they would have concealed in any straightforward interview. They have initiated the practice of explaining management decisions to workers, thus giving the worker a sense of belonging to the enterprise, even though according to Mr. Baritz the worker is only a fractious tool in the eyes of management. And so Mr. Baritz's last words are these: social scientists "are now beginning to learn how to control conduct. Put this power—genuine, stark, irrevocable power—into the hands of America's managers, and the work that social scientists have done, and will do, assumes implications vaster and more fearful than anything previously hinted."

There is something fearsome indeed in the prospect that businessmen, or anyone else for that matter, might be able to control human conduct. Many people have aspired to do this, and some have been able to for a short time. Caesar, Napoleon, Hitler, the Russian Communists—all have been able to control conduct, though by using physical force, in the last resort, to quell opposition. This danger is always with us, but a more frightening possibility is that someone may take power without needing physical force. Physical force, being obvious, stimulates opposition, whereas psychic manipulation destroys the impulse to object. Manipulation is vicious because the men coerced by it do not realize what is happening.

Manipulation is not, of course, anything new. Iago manipulated Othello; Cleopatra manipulated Antony; Mesmer, Cagliostro, and Rasputin are clichés. Whether or not social scientists know anything more about manipulation than those venerable predecessors did, they do know a great deal about it, and can make this knowledge available to wicked men. Knowledge of how to manipulate people is already widespread, and this knowledge, like every other sort, is dangerous.

WHAT can be done about it? How can men defend themselves against lies and deceit, insincerity and seduction? It helps to be aware that there are evil men and to know what instruments are available to them. It does *not* help to believe that evil can be abolished by a single great reformation of society or that knowledge can somehow be fenced in so that it will be used only for good ends.

An Aerial View Of Man's Folly

JAY JACOBS

HIERONYMUS BOSCH, by Ludwig von Baldass. *Harry N. Abrams. $18.50.*

BOSCH, by Robert L. Delevoy. *Skira-World. $5.75.*

Although the last of the medieval genuises, Hieronymus Bosch, was something of an anachronism in his own times, it is hardly surprising that the most prodigious symbolist who ever lived, and the first artist to paint "men as they are within themselves," has become a particular pet of our age, preoccupied as it is with the psyche and its symbolism. Furthermore, Bosch was among the last of the great figures—certainly the last painter of consequence—genuinely concerned with the problem of human folly in the shadow of what was taken to be the imminent end of earthly life: a concern, however unwelcome it may be after four and a half centuries of relative optimism, not without pertinence today. (Bosch's great successor, Brueghel the Elder, did not, of course, altogether abandon the themes and devices he had inherited from Hieronymus. But Brueghel's interests—he was eminently a man of the Renaissance—were almost purely painterly, not didactic or moralistic; and there is little reason to suppose he was any more worked up, personally, over "The Faithlessness of the World" than he was over any of the Biblical set pieces or the genre scenes he executed so masterfully.)

That Bosch's pictures continue to be a source of unabating fascination for a generation otherwise addicted to extreme modernism is evidenced by the publication within a recent three-week span of two abundantly

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—*Professor Mordecai Marcus, Department of English, Purdue University* $4.50

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illustrated monographs on the artist. That the layman—and indeed the specialist—would do well to approach Bosch's work with circumspection is plainly indicated by these two volumes, which, taken together, constitute what amounts almost to an Alphonse-and-Gaston routine, as their respective authors vie with each other in shying away from any but the most hesitant and tentative commitments concerning their subject's meaning. Moreover, while Professor Baldass and M. Delevoy are substantially in agreement on most matters, their texts contain enough interpretive differences to convince the most casual reader (of both) that even extreme erudition and exhaustive scholarship can no more guarantee a "correct" or "final" analysis of these almost hopelessly complex pictures than they can provide a definitive interpretation of *Hamlet*.

Neither text is likely to gain for its author a place among the prose stylists of the ages. Professor Baldass plods along at the tortoiselike pace characteristic of most Teutonic art scholars, pulling in his head unfailingly at the scent of any conjecture not smothered in irrefutable documentation; while M. Delevoy slithers and scrambles all over the lot, like a man playing follow-the-leader with André Malraux. But I found M. Delevoy, who at least kept me awake, the more readable of the two. Unfortunately, however, the plates in his less expensive volume, while handsome enough for their size, are so minuscule as to be all but worthless—particularly in giving any impression of the use of bird's-eye perspective peculiar to the master: vast landscapes as though seen from physical heights he could never have actually attained. (Bosch, incidentally, if given half a chance, is one of the very few painters whose work can profitably be studied in reproduction.)

WHATEVER ELSE he may have been, Bosch was essentially a man of the Middle Ages: a pessimistic moralist who felt it incumbent upon himself to picture to a sinful world its condition and its salvation. The condition of this world, as Bosch saw it, was hardly encouraging. Its sole hope, Christ, was threatened on all sides by the forces of evil in the multifarious guises of human folly. In anatomizing the apparently limitless folly he saw around him, he employed a language of symbols (the scope of its vocabulary is astonishing) still—and perhaps forever to be—largely undeciphered. To further complicate matters, there is every reason to believe it was an inflected language: in many cases a single device had double and occasionally multiple meanings, any of which could be used straightforwardly or ironically.

But while there is considerable disagreement in scholarly circles concerning the degree to which Bosch was the author of the vocabulary he used, there is little doubt about the *way* he used it. Nothing, almost certainly, that appears in Bosch's elaborate pictures is anything less than the result of carefully considered, deliberate choice by an artist totally conscious of and committed to what he was doing at every moment. There is no room, no time, and indeed no moral justification in Bosch's scheme of things for whimsy, caprice, or the bravura passages so dear to the hearts of most early—and a good many later—Netherlandish painters. The plenitude of his imagery notwithstanding, Bosch's is essentially an art of austerity: lean, sinewy, rigorous, and tough. The noun and the verb are almost the only components of a symbolic vocabulary in which the traditional adjectives of Dutch and Flemish painting (the tapestried surfaces and lavish indulgence in nonessential detail of the van Eycks, Geertgen tot Sint Jans, van der Weyden, or Dirk Bouts) would have been a manifestation of the cardinal evil of the times: folly.

We can hardly hope, as M. Delevoy is quick to point out, to see Bosch's pictures plain. For us they must unavoidably remain, to a greater or lesser degree, distorted by the changed perspective of our own times: a perspective that may easily lead us to find specious affinities between Bosch's work and more recent work that raises questions "which, for the most part, would have been quite unthinkable in the late Middle Ages." Thus, to dismis Bosch as an early Surrealist or (worse) as a humorous ancestor of Joan Miró, as some of his glibly irresponsible exegetes have done, is simply to try to slip an eagle into any pigeonhole that comes to hand. It is, as Professor Baldass rightly states, "an altogether unique circumstance in the history of Western art" when a painter completely works out a coherent view of this world and the next in his pictures. To try to reduce Bosch's grand design to anything less than something unique is to do the work—and, needless to say, oneself—a disservice.

WHAT THEN is left for the ordinary layman, who is hardly prepared to devote himself to an intensive study of medieval life, literature, theology, astrology, demonology, iconography, and the double Dutch of Bosch's symbolism, but simply wants to enjoy the pictures? A great deal. Their didactic content aside, Bosch's paintings are among the most exquisite ever produced. There is perhaps no more beguiling and moving single work in western art than "The Garden of Earthly Delights," a picture that makes an instantaneous and irresistible sensuous appeal that has nothing to do with its content. As is the case with only the supreme artistic geniuses, Bosch created and peopled an immediately recognizable, absolutely convincing, and seemingly complete world in each of his works. And who would pass up an opportunity to live for a while in another world merely because of a language difficulty?

A Lens And a Mirror

GEORGE STEINER

THEORY OF FILM: THE REDEMPTION OF PHYSICAL REALITY, by Siegfried Kracauer. *Oxford. $10.*

The eminent art historian Erwin Panofsky has stated: "It is the movies, and only the movies, that do justice to that materialistic interpretation of the universe which, whether we like it or not, pervades contemporary civilization." Lenin would have agreed. He saw in film "the most important of art forms,"

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 23

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A
12 210 112 64
"Talk about the pews and steeples / And the _____ that goes therewith!" Chesterton, "Ballade d'une Grande Dame."

B
124 82 170 10 116
Meadow by the side of a river. (Scot.)

C
24 32 204 138 176 110 178 92 16
Point of a bolt.

D
128 120 140 156 74 208 122
Mrs. Joe often went on one. Dickens, Great Expectations.

E
100 194 50 134 126 30 136
Meaning just fine. My Fair Lady.

F
114 78 154 216 56 54 60 214 40 66
130 22 182 222 102
Vehicle for Acrostician. (With The) (3,12)

G
76 48 42 224 98 144 146 168
One of the Six Nations. Official guardians of the council fire of the Iroquois.

H
152 38 90 162 14 80 106 88 188
Amusement we do not enjoy. (3,3,3,)

I
86 6 202 174 20 104 148
Expensive charge. (4,3)

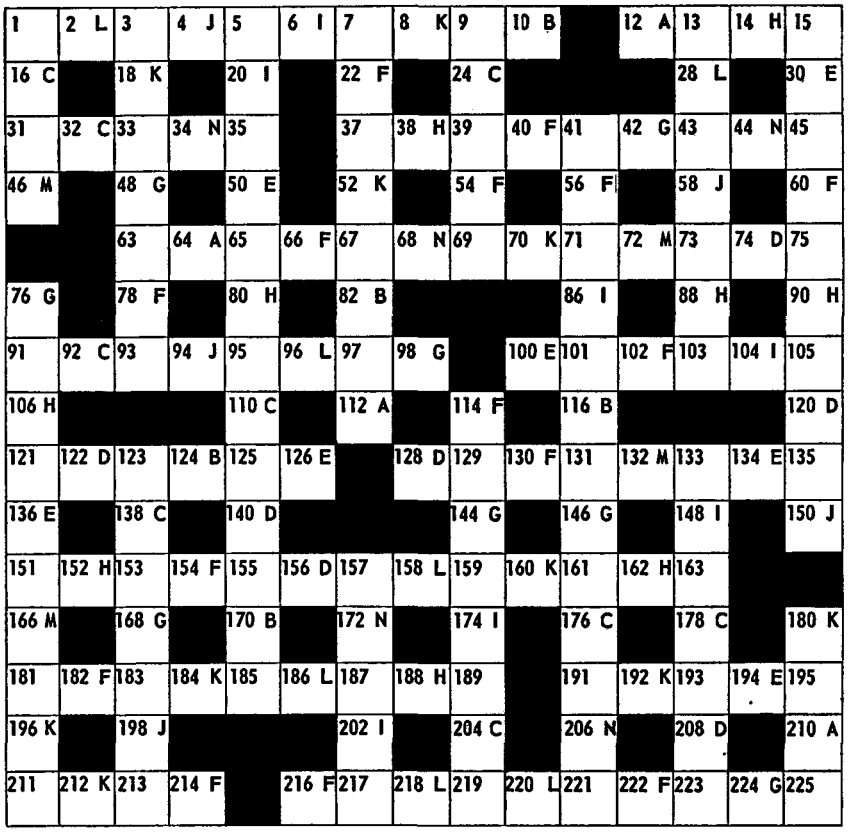
J
150 94 58 4 198 Work by Rousseau.

K
180 160 192 8 18 70 52 184 196 212
A strident shriek. (6,4)

L
158 96 2 186 220 28 218
Charge against property for non-payment of inposts, etc. (3,4)

M
72 166 46 132
"Procul _____ abesto!" Ovid, Amores.

N
172 44 34 68 206
An unskilled laborer. (British)



ACROSS

1. Exit loping, while waiting for profit.
12. I hear you coo when you pull off this trick.
31. To put a growl before a prayer is serious.
37. The sun's not doon? Aye, 'tis on the meridian now. (4,5)
63. With 151 across, Satanic piper demands his fee and the hurler has nothing on the ball. (3,5,2,3)
91. Army in white paint is encamped on the agricultural land. (4,4)
100. Smaller tenant is heard.
121. Famous role of Acrostician. (3,3)
128. Reed found about the intelligence brought back memories.
151. See 63 across. (3,2,5,3)
181. A linen tire may insert words!
191. Word C loses its head. Roar up to a point. It's sharp.
211. A Wagnerian heroine may often resemble a seal.
216. Be steady once TNT is found with a shilling.

DOWN

1. The limit of knowledge.
3. A soft rental may be a farmer.
5. Move your fur! He or such a person will be thoroughly mercurial! (2,5,6)
7. A sentence pronounced earnestly but without a pound. (3,5)
9. Mother leaves ammonia with Ruth's mother-in-law.
13. A complex king.
15. Be pert, my lady: I will attend to my business. (3,2,5)
41. Shot thigh on way, in the direction of the principal roads. (2,3,8)
76. I baffle my love, for she's a distant miss. (3,2,1,4)
114. More than one instructor acts here.
123. Sad tone made by a girl who stayed at home with a good book. (2,5)
133. Clean and well greeted.
157. I enter to meet an architect, it appears.
180. There's a strike in the city's waterworks!

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the only idiom able to convey to a new mass audience the values, dynamics, and actual shape of reality in a secular culture. The movies have been to the semi-literate and rationalistic society of the industrial age what poetic drama was to the Greeks and Elizabethans: a lens through which to focus on life and a mirror.

Yet even as there have been few classic films—few that seem to command completely the resources of the medium—so there have been few first-rate critical texts dealing with the aesthetics of cinema. The short list would include Eisenstein's *Film Sense* and his essay on *Dickens, Griffith and the Film Today,* and Pudovkin's *Film Technique and Film Acting.* It would include also Siegfried Kracauer's *From Caligari to Hitler.* In that brilliant study, Kracauer showed how the German film, between 1919 and 1934, had in it clear premonitions and foreshadowings of the Nazi mentality. Implicit in the book was the assumption that movies bear to psychological and material reality in the modern world a more immediate relation than does any other aesthetic form. It is this assumption which Kracauer sets out to examine and justify in his new work, *Theory of Film.*

The book is in the nature of a *Poetics*; like Aristotle, Kracauer seeks to define and to exclude. He affirms that there are certain specific things film can accomplish better and more naturally than any other representative mode, but that there are many it should not attempt. His basic concept (what Aristotle would call *mimesis*) is "camera reality"—that order of reality which photography in motion can justly render. And that reality is, above all, physical: "Films may claim aesthetic validity if they . . . record and reveal physical reality." A film will be true to the essence of the medium if it works within the framework of the physically real. That is to say, it must deal wherever possible with "the transitory world we live in."

This seemingly comprehensive notion, in fact, excludes a great range of film practice and film theory. Kracauer regards films of fantasy, contrived illusion, and hallucination as legitimate only so long as they rely on the medium's "substantive concern with our visible world." A dream sequence can be valid only if it is made quite clear that the reality shown is unreal and that the camera is posted, for concrete dramatic reasons, in the sleeping brain. Even as he rejects the *papier-mâché* trickery of the science-fiction or horror movies, so Kracauer rejects the ambiguous fantasy settings in *The Red Shoes.* Film is realism.

THIS LEADS to a cardinal idea. Kracauer regards the relations between film and literature as problematic and in many respects unnatural. Specifically, he condemns the use of movies to reproduce or imitate theater. "Camera reality" is fluid and continuous; of necessity, the stage provides an artificial, abstract framework. The "realism" of drama is a highly stylized convention. Most interestingly, Kracauer argues that film and tragedy do not go together. The very nature of motion and visual continuity implies that life goes on, that there is manifold life outside that on which the camera is focusing. This removes the sense of totality and "cut-offness" essential to tragic drama. Moreover, the reality of a play lies principally in language, but in a film "The spectator's capacity being limited, the photographic images and the language images inevitably neutralize each other." Thus Olivier's *Hamlet* is a "quixotic," essentially misguided effort to fuse two alien genres.

By extension, Kracauer's argument also pertains to the cinematic treatment of novels. Where the action of the novel is primarily interior and psychological, the movie will distort or oversimplify. This, says Kracauer, is exactly what happened in the 1954 version of Stendhal's *Le Rouge et le Noir* or in Renoir's filming of *Madame Bovary.* The only novels that really suit film techniques are those which are themselves wholly realistic and visual in structure. Zola is a "natural" and *Gervaise* a great film. But this is a fortunate coincidence between a literary doctrine, Zola's uncompromising naturalism, and the scope of the camera. As a rule, "there are no genuinely cinematic literary forms." Kracauer goes even further: "The cinema," he says, "seems to come into its own when it clings to the surface of things."

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But surface does not imply superficial. This book shows with a wealth of argument and illustration that close, imaginative observation of the surface of reality will carry with it the possibility of deep insight and dynamic form. Film is great art where the eye of the camera is made responsive to every pressure of light and shape, to those infinite alterations of meaning brought on by motion. Here no other mimetic mode can rival it. And Kracauer's own preferences clearly bear out his theory. He delights in the documentaries or near-documentaries of Flaherty, in the control of eloquent but realistic detail in *Potemkin* and Metzner's *Ueberfall,* and in the *verismo* of the postwar Italian movies. Time and again, the films of de Sica, Rossellini, and Fellini are used as tuning forks against which to test the integrity of the medium. For Kracauer, *Umberto D.* may well be the supreme film. In it, real life is seen with such scrupulous totality that every material detail passing before the camera assumes grave meaning. Yet there is no concession to artificial form; at the close, the old man and his dog fade into the inconclusiveness of life itself.

KRACAUER argues with great force and a rare knowledge of film, but like all formal aesthetics his theory leaves out a great deal. He limits himself explicitly to black-and-white, and one cannot help feeling that silent films somehow strike Kracauer as more legitimate than talkies. Like Eisenstein, he sees in sound an element that is, by definition, exterior to the visual totality of cinema; it comes from an artificial source outside the image. But unlike Eisenstein, Kracauer fails to grasp the visual transference that can be provoked by music. He suggests that *Alexander Nevsky* belongs to the domain of pageant and theatrical contrivance. This is to overlook the synchronization Eisenstein achieved between image and sound. The shots of the camera during the battle on the ice were conceived in inseparable unity with specific measures in Prokofiev's score. Sound in fact becomes visual. This happens again in Cocteau's *Enfants Terribles* when the opening bars of the baroque concerto break down the confining walls and draw the eye after them into free motion.

Indeed, Kracauer's entire conception of "reality" is too narrow. In what way is a stretch of film, with its chosen angles, montage, close-ups, and disposals of light, more "natural" than a stage scene? The attitude of the director may be naturalistic, but his means are special conventions as are those of any art form. Kracauer singles out for praise the ending of *Cabiria;* I can think of nothing more stagy or more akin to the Victorian theater. And what of rehearsal? This is a key point, but Kracauer completely overlooks it. With the exception of certain spontaneous camera work, such as occurs in crowd scenes or experimental ultrarealistic movies, the scene before the camera has been rehearsed before the take. This injects into film a constant artificiality, and it helps explain the faintly repellent flavor of so much recent film erotica. The lovers in *Les Amants* have been rehearsed; their sensuous motions may have been gone through a dozen times with the director in the background calling for ecstasy. How many times was the scene of torture in *Open City* staged before Rossellini shot it? What is natural about rehearsed realism? A play, too, is rehearsed; but each performance by living actors is a new venture, different in countless details from the last. A film image will remain forever identical with itself.

And is that not part of the explanation for an even larger problem —the transitory quality of even the finest movies? How many times can one see even the greatest of films— *Potemkin, La Grande Illusion, Brief Encounter, Rashomon, Umberto D.* —without feeling a sense of monotony? Once we know it well, once we have seen just how it is done, life drains slowly from it. Kracauer never faces this paradox of "realistic unreality"; but it is obviously crucial and may account for the fact that the movies, for all their vast dissemination, have broken the spell neither of the living theater nor of books. When a director films *Hamlet* or *Moby Dick,* he may be misconstruing the proper limits of his medium but he is, in fact, trying to give that medium what it conspicuously lacks —the touch of permanence.

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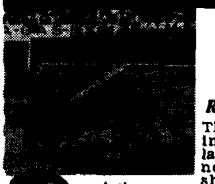

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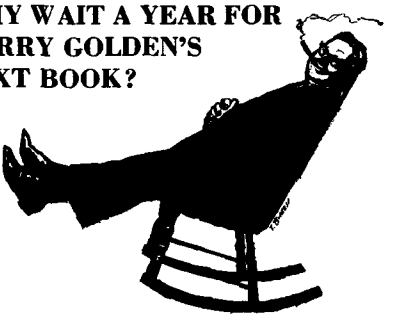

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Acrostician—

PATRICE LUMUMBA

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Where to Retire or Vacation

at what look like prewar prices
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Every page of OFF-THE-BEATEN-PATH opens a different kind of vacationing or retirement paradise which you can afford—places as glamorous as far-off countries yet every one of them located right near at hand. Like these:

- France's only remaining outpost in this part of the world—completely surrounded by Canadian territory . . . or a village more Scottish than Scotland . . . or age-old Spanish hamlets right in our own U. S., where no one ever heard of nervous tension or the worries of modern day life.
- Resort villages where visitors come by the score, so you always meet new people . . . (*but they never come by the thousands to raise prices or crowd you out*).
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You read of island paradises aplenty in the United States and Canada, of art colonies (artists search for picturesque locations where costs are low!), of areas with almost a perfect climate or with flowers on every side. Here are the real U.S.A.-brand Shangri-Las made for the man or woman who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are unspoiled seashore villages, tropics-like islands, and dozens of other spots just about perfect for your retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prices you've heard of since the gone-forever prewar days. **They're all in the United States and Canada, and for good measure you also read about the low-cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.**

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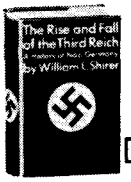

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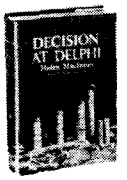

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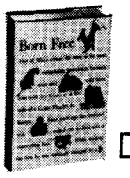

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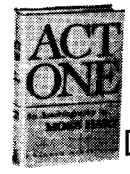

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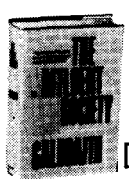

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